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The Seed

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SEED

CHICAGO Vol. 5 No. 2 35¢

INSIDE: GAY LIBERATION

SUPPLEMENT.. PAGE 13



Listen! It is not too late to listen! A new wind is blowing,
a Wind of Change.
Listen! The Ancient Being talks in the Voices of the Old Ones;
the Lord of All that Is talks in the Voices of the Old Ones.

Listen! He has said that all shall end; all the wandering of the
lost ones in the forests of desire, all the darkness of the
hearts and the divisions of the people;
worst of all, the divisions of the people!

Wanderer '70 Words from "Song of the Old Ones" by Vinson Brown America Needs Indians

Volume 5, No. 2 of the Chicago Seed is published by Seed Publishing, Incorporated, 2551 N. Halsted Street, Chicago 60614. Talk to us by dialing 929-0133 or 929-0134. George is the ad-taker, Sue's trying to get the switchboard together, Eliot's the free school contact, Blind Al's into coordinating musical energy for benefits and free gigs, and Bill's the guy who makes sure that the High School Radical Union stays together.

Subscriptions cost \$6 for 26 issues (\$8 in Canada, \$12 elsewhere), are free for people exiled to Nam, and take forever to get through our underpaid postal system.

The cast: Lester, Bernie, Rennie, Abe, Bill, Peter, Sue, George, Rita, the brothers and sisters of Gay Liberation, Marshall, the Black Panther Party newspaper, Eliot, Camille, the dope king, Guy, Anne, Lynda, Shelley, Armando, Kocaine Karma, Joel, the anonymous photographer, Tim, Brian Boyer, Phi Photos, and the rest of the community, Don, and Frenchy, and Laura.

Outside agitators: Stew Albert of the Tribe, Chester Anderson & Tuesday's Child, Ken Kelly.

This issue is dedicated to Bob Rudnick, who nobody's gonna turn around.

WE GET BY WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM OUR FRIENDS

The Chicago Seed is badly in need of supplies. If you can get your hands on any of the following, we'd sure appreciate it.

Ko-Rec-Type Mylar; Ace No. 2025 Standard Staples; Steno Pads; Typing Paper; Scratch Pads; Flair Pens; Pres-Type; Large Manila Envelopes; Paper Clips; Rubber Bands; Sno-Pake; Stamps; Codo Carbon Ribbons for an IBM Selectric 71; Fonts for an IBM Selectric 71; light blue pencils; Scotch Magic Mending Tape; Scotch Grip Spray Adhesive 77; Asco Opaque.

The Seed also needs: Office furniture; People willing to do shit work for the cause; Community news; Feedback on articles; Suggestions. We do not need: Poetry.

Good numbers

Seed	2551 N Halsted	929-0133
Rising Up Angry		472-1791
Chicago Defender		225-2400
Second City	2120 N Halsted	549-8760
Chgo. Journ. Review		664-5255
People's School	4409 N. Sheridan	561-6737
Student Mob	9 S Clinton	332-1108
Newsreel	2744 N Lincoln	248-2018
Print Co-op	6710 N Clark	973-0219
Black Panther Party	2350 W Madison	243-8276
Concerned Citizens	2512 N Lincoln	348-6842
IWW	2440 N Lincoln	549-5045
Young Patriots	1421 W Wilson	334-8957
LADO		276-0909
YLO/PEOPLE'S CHURCH	834 W Armitage	
Women's Liberation Union		927-1790
YSA		939-2667
YAWF	3435 N Sheffield	248-8082
Chi Peace Council	343 S Dearborn	922-6578
CHICAGO 15		226-5853
Community Legal Counsel		726-0157
Lincoln Pk Rights Center		525-9775
Mattachine Midwest		334-2244
No. Side Cooperative Ministry		281-0690
Breadbasket		548-6540
Looking Glass (runaways)	1725 W Wilson	334-2601
Mental Health Cinc	1900 N Sedgwick	642-3531
VD Clinic	27 E 26th St	842-0222
LSD Rescue		338-6750
Grace Church (runaways)	555 W Belden	549-1002

FOR DRAFT COUNSELING:		
Cadre	519 W North	664-6895
Hyde Pk Anti-Draft	5615 S Woodlawn	363-1248
No. Shore Anti-Draft		475-2260
Lawndale Assn		636-7715
Amer. Friends	407 S Dearborn	427-2533

ACLU	6 S Clark	236-5564
Law Student Comm	357 E Chicago	649-8462
People's Law	2156 N Halsted	929-1880

Police	(request district)	922-4747
Police Emergency		765-1313
Audy Home	2240 W Roosevelt	633-2300
Cook County Jail	26th & California	523-0101

GAY LIBERATION:		
South Side/U of Chgo		955-7433
North Side		472-2967
Northwestern U		338-9241
Roosevelt U		525-5268

You don't have to be a mailman to know which way the shit flows...

by Bernie Cobb-Farber

"Sure, let Nixon call out the Army...he can bring the troops home from Vietnam to carry the mail as far as I'm concerned."

That's how one Chicago postal worker reacted to the use of the Army to scab on the nationwide wildcat postal strike. What it all showed was that, to a greater extent than most of us realized, postal workers and all government workers are coming to understand who is the enemy.

It comes down to a question of survival—of being pushed against the wall until there's nothing left to do but rebel. The Government no longer just serves big industry, it is big industry. The Post Office alone employs 750 thousand people. The total army of government workers is 11,564,000 or 15.6% of all those who work. Almost all these people are denied the right to strike by law.

The government, they would have you believe, serves the interests of the "public good," "society as a whole," the "national interest." To most students and young people that just won't wash anymore.

But now the boss government is really in trouble: the people who do the shitwork for the government itself, who keep it functioning, aren't buying it either.

Over 210,000 mailmen walked out in 30 cities. It was the first strike in the 200 year history of the U.S. mails and the largest illegal strike ever of federal employees. "Business," Life magazine pointed out, "suffered most: some giants like Con Edison normally expect to shake out \$3 million from their envelopes each day. But many private citizens were oddly satisfied by their vacant mail boxes, free of bills and junk mail."

One mailman in New York figured out that he could get \$6 a month more by quitting his job and going on welfare. That's how bad it is. If anything, wages have been deteriorating. For the past three years they have received pay increases of about 4% a year. During the same period, taxes have soared, payroll deductions for health insurance and retirement have risen to \$60 per month, and the cost-of-living index has gone up at a rate of about 6% a year. Mailmen make \$1500 less than garbage men, \$2,000 less than bus drivers, and 3 grand less than cops.

While wages deteriorate, work increases. The volume of mail has been going up at a rate as high as 25 per cent per year. Any wonder that turn-over is high?

A lot of postal workers have to keep two jobs to feed their families. The old line of "neither rain, nor snow, nor hail" is often a reality rather than a cliché for them. A letter carrier in Chicago gets up and gets to the local postoffice around 5 in the morning, sorts the mail and suffers thru long outdoor walks no matter what the weather is like, to bring the mail to 350 to 500 drops. That's 10 or more blocks of walking—and climbing stairs.

When mailmen begin, they make \$6,176 a year. After more than 20 years of service they make \$8,442. And that's as high as it goes. Most government employees are in the same boat. And their friendly Uncle SAM takes taxes out of their wages to boot.

Nixon got a 100% pay raise, Congress got a 41% increase. Those were approved pretty damn fast—you better believe it. Postal workers have been waiting more than a year now for a measly 11% which just keeps pace with inflation.

The pay increase the workers wanted would add

\$4 billion to the budget. A government bogged down in south-east Asia, tied into supporting cost-plus ripoffs like Lockheed Aviation (which alone has cost the government nearly \$4 billion in undelivered contracts) and committed to corporate interests before popular needs will pick its priorities in a certain way.

The government won't admit it, but like any other boss, its first concern is profits. It figured post office workers would keep right on working at low wages while prices keep rising. It figured wrong.

When the strike began, in defiance of both federal laws and the corrupt union leadership that wanted workers to "give the government a fair chance," the newspapers and t.v. started crying that the Stock Exchanges would close, that mail-order stores were losing money and that "business can't operate without mail." Union leaders said "Be reasonable—wait five days." Cool things off. They wanted to turn a strike for higher wages and better conditions into a truce with Nixon—to shift the issue of a living wage to whether the people who struck would be punished. The union leadership was losing control—and they desperately wanted to hold onto their power and plush jobs.

Resorting to the old red-baiting gambit, the national head of the postal union charged that the whole New York strike was the result of a couple of SDS people working in the post office last summer—"outside agitators." The union bureaucracy seemed determined on one thing—to stop the strike.

The government's big plan to place the postal system in the hands of a corporation or "authority" (CTA runs this way) is really nothing but a scheme to benefit the nation's biggest banks. The new "Postal Authority" would be authorized to borrow 10 billion dollars from them to pay for new equipment—which would bring the banks profit from interest alone of at least 800 million dollars!

This way, letter rates could be raised just like transit fares to pay off these bankers. First class rates, that is. Life magazine, Reader's Digest and all kinds of junk mail for big business would continue to get all kinds of subsidies and permits. The Post Office has already announced some increases—that didn't take long.

The whole post office swindle is racist, too. With many black workers working for the post office to escape even worse pay and conditions in factories, the government has come to run the post office like its own plantation, relying on the fact that black workers face more unemployment and worse jobs and conditions everywhere. In fact, they use the present "recession" to tell all workers (but especially blacks) that "we're lucky to even have a job—so get back to work and shut up."

The strike is over—for now. But postal workers are still angry. And if there isn't some action soon, it will take more troops than Nixon can call out to move the mails. The government is in trouble. The postal strike was watched by all government employees. Social Security, railroad retirement employees, thousands of people all over the country who have been pushed around for much too long are waking up. Coming up are rail, airline, trucking and auto strikes later this year. Millions of workers will be fighting the bosses, government, cops and Army in the months ahead. We must support them. On Strike! Shut it down... shut it ALL down.

DOPE SCOPE

by the DOPE KING

April is when the CPD conducts its own version of search and destroy. Late March saw 8500 trips and two suitcases of the people's plant confiscated at the airport, as well as a series of raids on distribution centers.

Branch 57—Narcotics Court—has the longest waiting period of any circuit in the Midwest. Wendt's replacement is not the honk that Hanrahan and Boyle hoped. Be cool. You're needed on the outside.

GRASS—Keys pretty good (dirty but worth it), \$250-300. \$20 oz.

PANAMA RED—\$30 oz. excellent. Limited quantity.

HASH—\$100 oz. black el supremo, finger rolled.

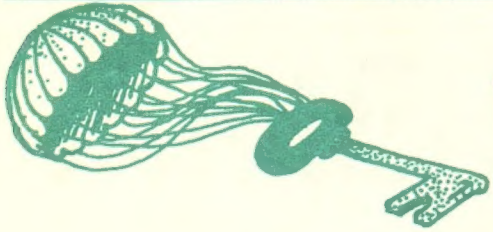
RED LEBANESE—\$80 oz.

ACID—Purple, 190-200 mks. \$2/tab. Orange \$1.25/tab.

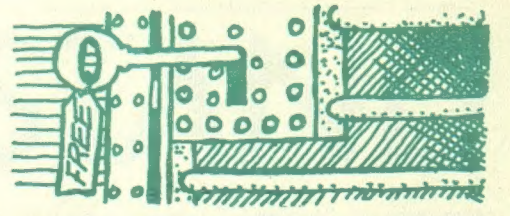
Pink \$1.25/tab. Yellow (erratic) \$1.25/tab.

MESCALINE—Pale and purple tabs \$2.25-2.50.

PSILOCYBIN—Good \$2.50-3.00.



BAIL OUT!



Behind Cook County Jail's door, Ma Houston, like Johnny Cash, is friend and hero. Even when the whole world forgets or is too busy to remember, Ma's standing outside some cell, pushing thru candy or papers and checking for a message to be passed along, or asking about outside business that needs completing. There's enough trust for this black woman inside the tiers and bars of Cook County to overthrow a government.

So when the Conspiracy raised some bail money as a small gesture to the monstrous problem of seven white men walking out of Cook County while 2,000 blacks stayed behind, we asked Ma Houston to help. Ma proceeded to push and shove with Warden Moore, who kept interfering with "prison records," and managed to change money into free human beings. She hustled papers and fingerprinting and ID cards and photographs until the sixteen men who were bailable on the two prison tiers that caged the Conspiracy for a couple of weeks were actually outside the jail. When they were all out Ma said to them,

"Some people will ask you if you're getting messed up with this Conspiracy. There are those who don't think real good of it. But just remember the old lady in the stage coach who was held up by Jesse James. Jesse went up and down the line taking diamonds and gold watches from the passengers, but when Jesse came to this old woman who held out her bag with only a few dollars inside, he reached in his pocket and pulled out several hundred dollars and stuffed it in the

woman's purse. When the passengers came into town and people pressed around them with worried faces and questioned about how bad JJ was, the one woman answered, 'Yea, I heard JJ was bad but I seen he treats people real fine.'"

Ma then led the free men to a restaurant across from the jail.

We filled up chairs around a long table and ordered drinks to celebrate ourselves. Ma sat in the center, like a banquet chairman in a winning Vietnamese hamlet. We took our places instinctively around her, joking and chattering. Someone was laughed off the table for asking directions on using a knife and fork. "Hell, you've only been kept to a spoon for nine months. Moe (the Warden) couldn't have forgotten ya everything." The Whiskey Alexanders were compared with the poison water they offered up across the street as hot chocolate. And the warden was chewed out for threatening to put a boot in the seat of my pants two hours earlier. It was normal talk for political prisoners come to have a freedom supper.

I say "political prisoners" in the most serious way I can. The man next to me had been serving a year sentence for being arrested. He was awaiting trial. His bail was \$250. The indictment against him was initiated by an informant, an establishment puppet living in his community who supplemented his income by selling people

to the government. The informant got a commission for every case, phony or not. There were 16 "stories" of incredible human dimension around Ma's restaurant table, each one testimony that prisoners as a class are political victims, facing a system of "three brothers and a stranger." As one man put it, "The judge, prosecutor and public defender are all brothers getting paid by the same company. But I'm just a bad nigger stranger in the eye of the company."

On March 30 the Conspiracy bailed out sixteen men representing every prisoner who is squared off against the same stacked system that faced us. The sixteen are people who just happened to be on our tiers. The only difference between their cases and ours is that no one noticed theirs. That restaurant meeting was called to help forward a simple revolutionary principle that should be laid down and made operative until the day we tear the prisons down; that whites who have support from Middle America and can raise bail for themselves must assume the responsibility to raise an equal or greater amount for the "political" prisoners they leave behind. In our case, we hope the fund can be permanent, that the money will be returned and added to and used for ongoing legal expenses. The fund will be administered by the Chicago Legal Defense Committee, 173 W. Madison. People who want to help should send what they can and show the Supreme Court that its decision justifying gagging cannot stop the Conspiracy from speaking and acting.

Rennie Davis

It's like watching a film loop; the same scenes go by over and over again. Here's Tom Foran one week before retirement, announcing an indictment based on the 1968 anti-trust law. There's a piece of paper assigning a conspiracy case to Just Julie Hoffman. And somewhere there's a Red Squad seminar being held on what to say on the witness stand.

The indictment of what will come to be called the Chicago 12--Bernadine Dohrn, Jeff Jones, Mark Rudd, Howie Machtinger, Kathy Boudin, Bill Ayers, Mike Spiegel, John Jacobs, Linda Evans, Judy Clark, Terry Robbins and Larry Weiss--came down on April 2nd, a little less than six months after three Days of Rage designed to Bring The War Home whirled through the Gold Coast and the Loop. The dynamite dozen is charged with 40 counts of illegal action, including charges that they taught karate, organized affinity groups, crossed state lines, worked out of offices at 1608 West Madison (former national headquarters) and 701 West Armitage, and "traveled, made speeches, published articles and made specific plans" for the National Action. For those of you with short memories, the preceding quote fulfills the part of the Act that requires one violation in furtherance of conspiracy.

Thirty-two people were named as co-conspirators, among them Johnny Lerner, Cathy Wilkerson, Dianne Donghi, Diana Oughton and Ted Gold, all of whom have played key roles in the evolution of the Weathernation since the National Action.

Events of the last six months have insured that several of the 12 indictees will not keep their dates with hizoner. This is because the Weathermen have been the white group which has most filled the vacuum caused by the death of SDS as a national on-campus organization.

Many people criticized the National Action as an exercise in TV violence that drew less than 500 Movement people, failed to attract street gangs, and turned off large numbers of potential radicals. But it soon became apparent that the myths created by middle-class kids clubbing cops and women charging into police lines had set a new standards against which other doings had to be measured.

Even as Movement people began to check out the hows and why of the National Action--either for theoretical reasons or to see if it offered a way to reduce the frustration that comes from long hours without visible results--the Weatherpeople were moving on. Some--Bernadine, Cathy, Kathy and others--were forced underground by state mob action indictments while others toured the country talking about armed struggle, a future army of young whites battling 'white devil consciousness' in the streets of Amerika, and detailing a pseudo-Freudian rendition of middle-class youth's repressed longing for pistols, rifles, shotguns and anything else capable of going boom in the night.

The assassination of Fred Hampton escalated whatever

plans the Weathernation had going. The ballroom site of the National Conference in Flint, Michigan last December was covered with posters of Chairman Fred, and the speeches reflected a sincere and bitter anger over the killing. It was later learned that while most people were practicing karate or self-criticism the leadership was planning the history of 1970 in a near-by seminary.

The March 6th townhouse explosion in New York's Greenwich Village that killed named co-conspirators Ted Gold, Diana Oughton, and an as-yet unidentified person led to co-conspirators Wilkerson and Boudin splitting for parts unknown. This blast was followed by a series of bombings that tore the guts out of the offices of corporations making fortunes from the war and set off a national paranoia campaign among the country's cops. While Red Squads and FBI agents turned Movement offices into truck stops, the Movement groups themselves split between those that shouted "Right On!" (The Rat, Liberation News Service) and those that condemned them as acts of individual terror that would scare most people away from radicalism and make targets out of those already committed to rapid change (The Guardian).

On the night of March 30th, a score of cops raided an apartment at 5433 N. Kenmore after the landlady reported that guns and dynamite had been found by two exterminators who'd entered the place with a pass-key. They confiscated two shotguns, an M-1, a .22, 59 sticks of dynamite, eight ounces of plastic explosives, fuses, and acids. They also got two parking tickets from a dedicated beat cop.

Arrested was Gary Witzel, a 22-year-old former member of the Thorndale Jag-Offs (coily referred to in the dailies as the Thorndale-Jarvis Organization)*** While the police claimed on Monday that he had been positively identified as the "James White" who'd rented the apartment several months before, by Wednesday things were cloudy enough for the Presiding Judge in Violence Court to lower bond from \$25,000 to \$5,000 and make some unkind remarks about the strength of the evidence mustered by the authorities. Since Sam Melville, accused of bombing several New York corporations last November, had his bond doubled to \$100,000 at his second hearing, it isn't very weird to speculate that Witzel's current status as a jailbird is the result of the Man's desire to save face and not admit that the wrong guy was busted.

Faced with a fellow whose claim to never having seen the guns, the dynamite, or the apartment seems truer every day, the police have concluded the week by claiming that James White is really John JJ Jacobs, chief author of the white devil theory and one of the current conspiracy indictees. JJ looks like Witzel, and the cops are scurrying around trying to learn if either or both had anything to do with the crib. Things are even more confusing with Judith White": tenants, janitors and landladies have 'positively' identified national secretary Bernadine Dohrn, New York suspect Kathy Boudin, and

Weatherwoman Dianne Donghi as the elusive Mrs. W.

The raid and the indictment must be understood as a dialectic between repression and rebellion. Whoever set up the apartment (assuming that it wasn't a police department zealous to show off to the New York Red Squad and get even for the 'Loop Invasion') did so after watching years of anti-war protest and countless incidents against black, poor and young people. The Red Squad cops who came to the Seed two weeks ago candidly admitted that they were looking for Kathy, Cathy, and Bernadine. Several of those who'd bopped demonstrators in '68 and hauled Rudd and others off in '69 were at the Kenmore raid, and it's not too far out to conjecture that the ballyhoo made over the discovery of books on guerilla warfare and a copy of The Algiers Motel Incident ripped off from the Detroit Public Library may have been pre-publication hypes for the conspiracy bust.

Last week a black student living in the East Village lost both arms and a leg when his apartment-laboratory blew up. Ted Gold, Diane Oughton and that unidentified person died because they were concerned enough with struggles around the planet to fuck around with dangerous chemicals. Despite the precautions that every bombing group has taken to date, it is inevitable that an unknowing bystander will be killed. And by now everybody knows that Nixon's Law of Repression means that white radicals will begin to meet with the same treatment that folks outside the privilege pattern have known for years.

One thing that we must do is to decide how we feel about the bombings. Are we with the Rat or the Guardian (or, for that matter, with the bombers in the street)? Are we, to use the division laid out by White Panther Defense Minister Pun Plamondon, himself about to make ten Ten Most Wanted List for allegedly blowing off a CIA recruiting office in Detroit, "Shooters or Ommers"--or both?

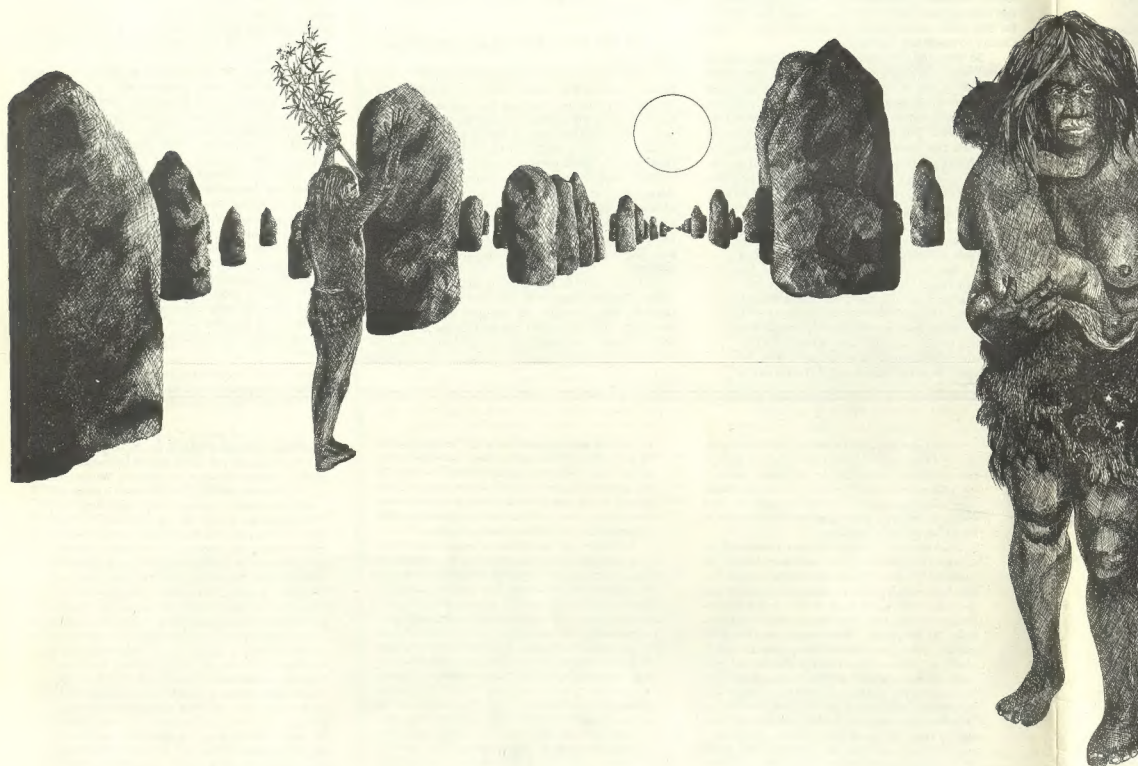
Anyone wishing to communicate thought-out opinions on this issue should send them to KABOOM c/o The Seed. Explosives will be returned postage due.

And, as yet another load of shit hits the fan, we express our sincere hopes that you saved your Screw Magoo buttons.

Abe

*** Witzel fell out in the 20th District lockup, and again during his first court appearance on Tuesday. It must have been a mindblower if he was walking down the block in his own dream and a swarm of cops came at him with handcuffs, drawn guns, and talk of rifles and dynamite.

His mother offered the best defense to date: "He couldn't have bought that dynamite. He didn't have the money."



AMERIKAN BANDSTAND

The season of the festival is about to begin, and the "new wave" of hip capitalism is coming to the midwest. A whole swarm of sideburned entrepreneurs is preparing to capitalize on the hip culture's twin addictions: rock music and tribal gatherings. Several rock festivals are planned for the midwest, and two things are becoming increasingly clear: local authorities are cracking down on the possibility of any large-scale gathering of freaks, and local freaks are getting more and more uptight with the rampant shucksterism involved in most of the festivals.

The first of the local affairs is being held near Madison on the 24, 25 and 26 of this month. It features about a half-dozen "name" groups, highlighted by the Grateful Dead reunited with the old Merry Prankster himself, Ken Kesey. The promoters - always on the lookout for local support - started negotiations with a delegation from the Madison free community. After assuring them that everything would be in the community interest; the producers failed to appear at a scheduled mass meeting shortly thereafter. When the promoters realized that the people were interested in more than promises, they beat a hasty retreat, leaving hundreds of people waiting and suddenly becoming "unavailable" by phone. The local people have since issued a release condemning the breach of faith, the continued shucking and jiving, and the exorbitant admission (in this case, \$15). Speculation as to what will actually go down come April 24th is wide open.

Another festival, billed as only an "outdoor concert" has been planned for a site on the Kickapoo Creek, near Bloomington, Illinois for the Memorial Day weekend. This one is meeting the other form of local resistance -- honkoid fears of hippie invasion. Local authorities have filed suit to stop the thing on the basis of a zoning ordinance that stipulates that the land in question be used for 'agricultural' rather than 'recreational' purposes. The suit is going to be hard to beat, and the event, which was to have featured a large number of local bands as well as a scattering of nationally known groups, now appears in doubt.

The biggest festival of all, the July 4th Toronto Peace Festival, may wind up heir to the biggest problems. On one side, the original sponsor, John "Oh No" Lennon sent a telegram to the festival promoters completely dissociating himself from the event; saying in fact, that he would have nothing to do with a festival that charged admission, and that he had only offered to participate because he was under the impression that it would be free. He also expressed "disgust" with the way that the preparations for the massive festival are being handled. As if this wasn't enough, the mayor of the town where the festival is to be held (Parksville, Ontario, halfway between Toronto and Detroit) has reported that he is being pressured by government sources opposed to the festival.

If the late-winter festivals already held are any indication, it's going to be a hard year for festivals everywhere. Winter's End, originally scheduled for a site near Miami, was forced by sheriff's order to a last-minute shift to a meadow near Orlando. As with Altamont, many preparations went uncompleted and heavy rains turned the grounds into a sea of mud. Most of the scheduled groups cancelled out, and undercover narcs from the sheriff's office patrolled the grounds during the concert, eventually busting 50 or so people. To top it all off, three of the promoters were arrested for holding a festival without a permit.

When three owners of a downstate rock club announced that they would hold a three-day festival near Carbondale, the reaction of the local police, merchants, university and honkos was about the same as that of the Florida sheriff. Immediate protests broke out, Concerned Citizen's groups formed instantly, and several lawsuits and legislative measures were filed. "They'll destroy our property, rape our women, kick our dogs and generally urinate all over our way of life," cried an aroused citizenry. "They'll smoke

narcotics, fornicate (that's slang for 'fuck'), and even trespass," screamed the representatives of law and order. It has now boiled down to a last lawsuit (the state legislature refused, eventually, to pass a bill outlawing festivals in the sovereign state of Illinois) jointly filed by the County Board, Southern Illinois University, and the Concerned Citizens. April 14 will tell whether a rock fest can be outlawed in Illinois on the grounds of being a "public nuisance".

Criticism of the festival hasn't all been in the form of hysterical pipedreams of hippie invasions, though. Righteous wrath has befallen the promoters from many responsible elements of the local community, and much of what they are up in arms about should be viewed as covering the whole spectrum of rock festivals, from Miami to Ontario, to Woodstock and Altamont and back.

"Security," as Good Times' Sandy Darlington says, is a disgusting word, and anyone who isn't blind can see what promoters want to make "secure". To secure profits, they build fences around their playgrounds...fences to keep out the people without \$20 (or \$14 or whatever). They pay out large doses of money to various people to assure "crowd control". Well-known crowd controllers include such lights as Andy Frain, Burns Rent-A-Pig, the Chicago Police Department and Sheriff Jim Clark. In addition to the aforementioned Mr. Frain, the Carbondale concert (lyrically entitled "the May Fest -- because we love you.") has signed on the Hog Farm to handle the "internal security" -- that is, to keep the lid from blowing off under one circumstance or another. Following the route of Woodstock, Texas Pop, and Winter's End, Harpetle, Ltd. has acquired the hippie transmutation of crowd control -- rapping instead of shooting, feeding instead of beating. Again, the point comes down to -- what is being controlled? Ostensibly, they are being hired to prevent VIOLENCE, but the only time a festival was ever marked by violence was when the "security forces" got out of control, began beating people and wound up stabbing one person to death. Not by any stretch of the imagination would the Hog Farm ever turn homicidal; the point is that the only visible contingency for violence (aside from bad trips -- a problem that the Hog Farmers deal with brilliantly) is in the case of a mass realization that the promotion and handling of the event has been a rip-off. Harpetle has denied rumors that the \$14 May Fest package would come complete with closed-circuit TV to monitor the crowd, but admits that State-Police-manned check-points will cover every access road -- ostensibly to check for tickets.

[In Harpetle's case, there are some extenuating circumstances; tremendous pressure from the local authorities has forced them to be highly security-conscious. There's no doubt that if they hadn't provided a heavy security lineup, the festival could never have happened. As it is, the local thickheads still aren't satisfied, although the local constabulary has sort of promised halfheartedly to keep away from the affair.]

Another heavy rap on the Carbondale festival concerns its \$14 admission price. Although \$14 isn't as bad as some, the whole concept of charging admission to a tribal gathering is a drag. The May Fest, like all current festivals, plays heavily off the Woodstock myth; remember that the fences came down early at Woodstock. Confronting this aspect of the problem however, brings you face-to-face with another, more serious one -- you can't have a rock festival without having rock bands, and that's where a big chunk of the front money goes -- buying talent. Quite a few big names will be at Carbondale, and the performers' fees read like a combination of Billboard and the Wall Street Journal. Sly and the Family Stone has agreed to come, and so has The Band. Each will be driven (or coptered) to the grounds and do a 45 minute set for the folks. For this,



Instant Karmel (?)

About two months ago, the Seed ran a story on the advent of "progressive rock" on WGLD-FM, in the form of Bob "Righteous" Rudnick's Kokaine Karma show and a new 24-hour format. Hopes ran high that WGLD would become the community station that Chicago needs so badly — that it would be Radio Free Chicago.

The next issue of the Seed carried an article about the peremptory firing of Stephanie Clark from the morning show for playing a "banned" record and following it with a rap about freedom of the airwaves. We also ran an "answer" from WGLD program director Steve Stafford that issue; a statement to the effect that concessions must sometimes be made to win the ultimate victory — two steps forward; one step back.

With the issuance of the memoes pictured here, freedom of speech was thrown for a big loss. It was sent to all the station's jocks by the Station Manager on direct orders from corporate headquarters in New York after word of a CBS-TV News presentation on WGLD's "radical" format and personnel reached Egmont Soderling, the owner of the station. In addition to banning all news and comment, the corporate management has also banned all guests, interviews and satire from the airwaves; not to mention banning the name of Rudnick's show. When Righteous was shown the directive, he lived up to his name by reading over the air, playing "Street Fighting Man", and walking out of the studio — for good.

I could conceivably spend a lot of time in a rap about what is happening to FM rock under the influence of an influence of an increasingly repressive FCC and predictably conservative station owners, but a quote from Ben Fong-Torres' article in the current Rolling Stone lays down the whole thing.....

"But the typical FM rock station comes on with waves of good vibes, builds an audience of loyal listeners by playing album cuts unheard on AM, by talking with instead of to, its listeners, and by opening up the station to the community. As the audience builds, however, the rat-

ings, "the numbers", climb, and station owners suddenly have a marketable commodity. Suddenly the air is filled with increasingly uptight advertisers, administration takes over, and everything is sterilized. Suddenly there are playlists: certain records have to be banned. No more interviews — can't stop the flow of music. No politicizing — remember the fairness doctrine. Got to have that license in order to let you do your thing, you know. Suddenly there's no "community" out there, but a "share" of the "quarter-hour audience" instead.

And, in the end, FM rock stands naked. It is, after all, just another commercial radio station."

...and, in the end, Bob Rudnick refused to stand naked. Bob has received several other offers, but he is presently checking out the possibilities for guerilla radio stations.

By the time you read this, more of the GLD staff may have followed Bob. Several are hanging on to see the results of a parlay between the local management and the corporation bigwigs. If the new policy stands, the entire face of the station may well be changed. Perhaps Steve Stafford will realize that there is a limit to the number of steps back that anyone can take....and perhaps he too will make his stand.

STATION COMMUNICATION

Date: 3/31/70
From: Charles E. Manson
To: Steve Stafford



Effective immediately no longer will there be a show on this station known as Kokain Karmel. You may call it the Bob Rudnick Show, as you do with the other shows, but there will no longer be a Kokain Karmel Show. Please see to it that Rudnick is informed and all the jocks, so that the name Kokain Karmel is not aired again.

As stated in the memorandum addressed to the staff, WGLD does not advocate anything. All statements made for WGLD will be made by me, as general manager. The staff will not comment on any current day issues. Failure to abide by this law will mean immediate dismissal.



CEM:de

← 5

they demand (and receive, in small bills, in advance, if you please) \$25,000. Each will be paid Twenty Five Thousand Dollars for three-quarters of an hour!! For three days of good music, the people (through Harpetle) will pay almost \$250,000 — A Quarter of a Million Dollars! Holy shit, who was that that first said rock is getting a little commercial? How about 'mercenary'?

As shown by what's happening in Madison, some communities (Carbondale not excluded) think that perhaps promoters are engaging in a rip-off involving (or buying) some local land, hiring bands, taking money from thousands of freaks, and then slipping silently away into the night with their profits. Some communities may, in fact, physically prevent some of the more outrageous thefts from taking place. In what was either a benificent spontaneous gesture, or a blatant attempt to buy support (depending on whose side you listen to), the May Fest promoters announced that they were setting up a foundation that would get 25% of their profits and give the money to local charities and projects. The offer was clear enough: for the honks, money for charity; for the freaks and blacks, money for community projects. Thrown into the middle of a raging controversy, the proposal was denounced as a fraud, and the foundation won't happen. The freak community hardly had a chance to shout fraud — they were drowned out by the howls of protest from the uptight straight community. Meanwhile, the festival is still going to make money, and somehow, the promoters don't seem too inclined to repeat their offer. Since they are a local group, however, they cannot fully escape accountability for the profit money.

The pattern is becoming clear. Whatever happens at rock festivals, they seem to breed hostility, resistance and downright panic among the thickheads; suspicion, resistance and that old fucked-over-again feeling in the hip community. To soothe the fears of the outraged, Harpetle has provided for hyper-adequate services: 150-200 acres to camp on, 650 outdoor johns, washing sinks, water fountains, plenty of water, a field hospital (to be run by Dr. Abruzzi, of Woodstock fame), heliport, cheap food concessions (so they claim), and even sanitary land fills and the cleanup services of a student group called SOAP (Student Operation Against Pollution). And security...lots of security. They've taken some steps toward understanding and fulfilling the needs of our people — a revolving stage will prevent long waits for groups to set up; as much cut wood as the land-clearing can yield will be available to make open-fire cooking easier, and one of the concessions will be selling organic food at low prices. The point, though, is not which demands they have responded to, but which one's they haven't. Promoters don't HAVE to respond to our demands, because they don't consider us a threat to their festival. Our grievances aren't the sort that go through the court system — the court system belongs to the honks. People, they suspect, will dutifully pay their \$14 to get the opportunity to hear the music and get high with their brothers, whether or not our complaints are dealt with. Perhaps they suspect that we have no power....and as long as people flock blindly to the feet of the superstars, they're right — we have none.

The answer is simple, but not easy. As usual, it comes out in two parts: how to

deal with the rip-off merchants, and how to provide for FREE what they are charging money for. For one thing, we've got to get away from our ideas about rock music — it is a feeling, an emotion, a kinetic effect — not merely a riff remembered from an album. We've got to get our own music together, without benefit of Columbia Records, and bring it out into the open air, without benefit of "promoters" — rock music doesn't need promotion, just musicians and audience. Harpetle Limited? Fuck no, Music, Unlimited! Music should be heard by people together — and the people's music must be FREE. Eliot

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SOUNDS
BY
EUPHORIA BLIMP WORKS

Blues in the Deep Black South ... and North

Columbia is probably the college most closely associated with students demands for power over their own lives, but events at two southern colleges this year give a clearer indication of the kind of repression students (and especially black students) can expect as a response to just militancy.

Mississippi Valley State College was founded in 1950, but didn't begin to assume university proportions until after 1954. It is not an elite institution; the reason for expansion was not an enlightened consideration of Mississippi educators but an accommodation to the Supreme Court's Brown vs Board of Education designed to keep black students from applying to Ole Miss or Mississippi State. MVSC exists to baby-sit for blacks in their late teens, to keep them uneducated so that they will keep back. No courses are taught which involve students in changing the black community. Community is not encouraged; better a black man or woman should slip through and make it alone than a whole body of people rise together to assume power and position.

Mississippi Valley State College was performing well as an incubator for Uncle Toms and Aunt Thomasinas. Students were encouraged to stay on the isolated and decrepit Ita Bena campus, to dress "well," to appreciate a bleached culture that makes them strangers in both black and white communities, to take their place on an educational treadmill and teach the next generation of black kids to remain meek and Mississippian.

The ringmaster in this dismal educational circus is, in the true spirit of irony, named James H. White. He plays the dual role of tap-dancer before the legislature and massa back on the academic plantation. He perpetuates the Tom cycle, rewarding the obedient and penalizing the uppity. He heads up a hierarchy that cuts off avenues of change and encourages the brighter kids to leave behind their schoolmates and improve their own situations by currying favors, buttering up instructors, and generally making it on their own. Using the system is accepted, making it alone is encouraged, but attempts at altering it are rewarded with expulsion.

The demands that the Student Government Association made in early February seem laughable by the standards of elite schools, where half the student body reject the entire idea of liberal education. But at MVSC, as at Bogan or South-East or Quincy, liberal education was still a dream held dear to many hearts—until the events of February 8th branded the need for radical change into people's minds.

The SGA's list of 30 specific requests dealt mainly with basic student rights: liberal curfew hours, refunds for uneaten meals, restraining of overzealous campus cops, a better faculty. Nothing about more Third World Students—MVSC is all Third World. Nothing about radical studies—MVSC is about a battle for minimal general studies. Nothing about the crisis caused by alienation and anomie—most of the kids don't learn enough to define the emotions they feel.

The good Dr. White wasn't used to bending before student demands, but a boycott joined by nearly all of the school's 2500 students forced him to negotiate. At first things seemed to be going OK. White met with the student negotiators. Agreements and compromises were made on all the points. The negotiators went to sleep believing in themselves, believing in the power of collective action, believing in the system's ability to reform itself.

It was a bitter morning after when fellow students reported that the mimeed stencil detailing the agreements had disappeared and that White was running around denying that it had ever existed. The kids questioned themselves. They questioned the power of collective action. But most of all they questioned the system's ability to reform itself.

The last question was answered on the morning of February 8th, when 900 students were arrested by 58 heavily armed black cops brought in from throughout the state. Operating under the Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act of 1968, they broke up a peaceful demonstration and shipped the nearly one thousand arrestees to the infamous Parchman Farm. When asked about the operation, the director of the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration, the coordinating agency responsible for implementing the federally-developed raiding plans said that "we're real proud of it."

Mississippi Valley State College is dead. Only 200 students are attending classes; only those willing to sign oaths of repentance were readmitted. Many students who chose to leave cannot register elsewhere; White has ordered that no transcripts be issued for 'troublemakers'. All scholarships have been suspended. Two professors involved in the protests have been fired. But some good shit has come out of the struggle. Most of the 150 black students at Ole Miss itself walked out to emphasize demands for black studies and support for Valley State after Tyrone Gettis, leader of the MVSC boycott, was refused permission to speak on campus. When the inevitable repression—68 busts on February 28th—came down, 150 white students demonstrated in support of the walk-out. The aftermath has forced the Board of Trustees which controls all higher education in the state, to expose itself as an enemy of the Economic Opportunity and Headstart Programs. The purge of grad students and faculty in favor of a decent Mississippi has forced the Board of Trustees, which controls all higher education in the state, to expose its policy of sabotaging OEO, Headstart, and other relatively progressive programs.

Mississippi Valley State College will be allowed to come back to life, but only because the state needs it as a place to park some black people and only because the authorities feel that they can control any protest that might arise. We hope that the new student body proves them wrong.

Abe

Sidney Clark bought a house in 1963 for \$24,500 and has been paying \$180/month since then. This comes to around \$15,000 in payments. Today, Sidney owes \$21,000, which means that he has paid around \$11,500 IN INTEREST to the company that financed his mortgage.

It is for such reasons that the Contract Buyers League was formed. The 120 member families agreed to withhold their payments from Universal Buyers and other firms and private parties until their suit charging that the contracts are unfair is decided.

Meanwhile, Sheriff Joe and His Deputies have been evicting people. Late in March they took the furniture of some League families out into the street, only to watch as League members moved it all back in. This month, therefore, Sheriff Joe came with 200 men and ousted four families on one day and 12 the next. His band, known as the Evictors, made 7 arrests on the first day and 20 the next.

All this has taken place under the "proper" administrations of the law. And this probably is perplexing to Sidney Clark, for Sidney Clark is a policeman.

Yossarian

NO SCHOOL!! BLACK STUDENTS STRIKE!!

Monday April 6, 10:00a.m.

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DEMAND A HALT TO THE
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BATTLE OF BRITAIN

APRIL 10
Shelley Winters
WILD IN THE STREETS

APRIL 11
MONTEREY POP

APRIL 17
Peter Fonda
Nancy Sinatra
WILD ANGELS

APRIL 18
John Cassavetes
FACES

APRIL 24
Warren Beatty
Eva Marie Saint
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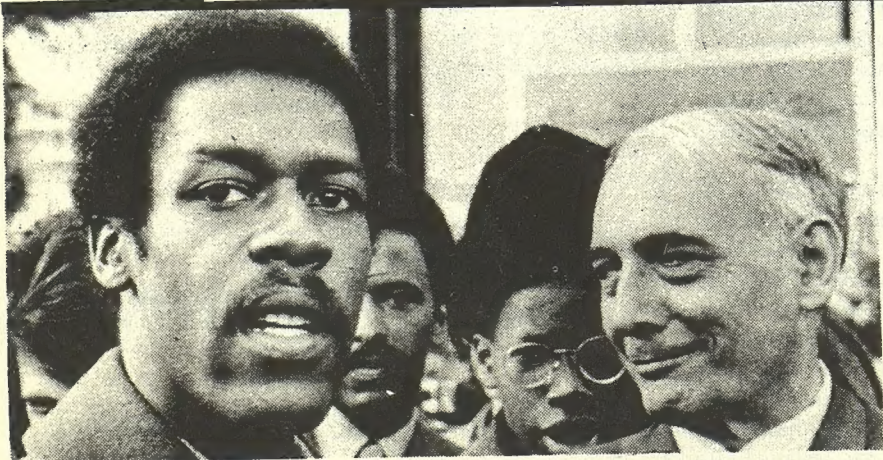


Deborah Johnson



Blair Anderson

These people are undergoing preliminary hearings. They are six of the seven survivors of the Panther commune on West Monroe charged with attempted murder (Louis Truelock is the seventh). The charges against them are part of a serial lie; the authorities justified the assassinations of Fred Hampton and Mark Clark as a defensive action and then arresten all witnesses to avoid any exposure of the raid as a search and destroy mission.



Lawyer Charles Garry with Panther Chief of Staff David Hilliard.

These people held a summary hearing. The People's Inquest, held March 8th at the First Congregational Church, concluded a two-day conference called by the Emergency Committee to Defend the Right of the Black Panther Party to Exist.

These people were peers of the dead and the accused. They were from the same kind of communities, the same economic conditions, the same culture.

The Coroner was Dr. Charles Hurst, administrator of Malcolm X Community College.

The Prosecutor was Jewel Cook, Field Secretary of the Illinois Chapter. The Assistant Prosecutor was Bobby Rush, Deputy Minister of Defense, whose house was raided the next morning—fortunately after he had evacuated his family and himself.

It was also decided at the emergency conference that there should be a national action in New Haven July 4-6 to protest the murder trial of Bobby Seale and the other Panthers accused of killing Alex Rackley. David Hilliard, speaking for the Party, noted that the Panthers would not stand idly by while Chairman Seale is railroaded into the electric chair. Attorney Charles Garry brought greetings from both Huey Newton and Seale.

This national action will need the support of everyone committed to saving Bobby Seale's life and keeping our scene united in the face of repression.

Remember the Goldberg-Wilkins commission?

By Brian Boyer
Courtesy of the Chicago Journalism Review

Assistant Attorney General Jerris Leonard has met secretly with the seven-man steering committee of the Arthur Goldberg commission investigating the death of Illinois Black Panther chairman Fred Hampton. Leonard told the steering committee at a meeting in Goldberg's New York law office that the Justice Department was preparing indictments against some or all of the 14 policemen who made the raid on Hampton's apartment last December 4.

Leonard is head of the department's civil rights division, and is heading the Chicago grand jury investigation into the fatal shooting of Hampton and Peoria Panther leader Mark Clark by State's Attorney's police, in what was first described as a "shootout" during a search for illegal weapons.

According to *Hard Times*, a Washington weekly which broke the story in its February 16 issue, Leonard told the Goldberg commission that Chicago authorities "planned and executed the murder of Hampton." Mark Clark's death was "accidental," the journal quotes Leonard as telling the commission.

The *Washington Star* picked up the story on February 19, confirming that the meeting took place and that Leonard has said the police indictments were planned. The *Star* story reported that Leonard said the raid was planned some time in advance, with full knowledge that the target apartment was rented by Hampton and used as a Panther headquarters, but quoted one source at the meeting as denying that Leonard said the raid was staged with the express purpose of killing Hampton.

Leonard is obviously worried about the information which his investigators have uncovered thus far. The purpose of his meeting in Goldberg's office was to persuade the commission that it was better off staying out of Chicago, given the political dynamite that it was playing with.

Present at the meeting in addition to Goldberg were Sam Brown, the Moratorium chief; Mrs. Marriion Wright Edelman, director of the Washington Research Project; John Morsell, assistant executive director of the committee and Norman Ameker, staff director. Others of the steering committee, composed of Roy Wilkins (ill after surgery), head of the NAACP; George Lindsay of the Lawyers Committee for Civil Rights under Law; former Attorney General Ramsey Clark and Dr. Kenneth Clark, urbanologist, were also there.

According to Sam Brown, the fact of the meeting was supposed to remain under wraps because of its delicacy. Leonard, for example, is not allowed under law to divulge the Grand Jury proceedings to outsiders. Brown reluctantly went along with the vow of secrecy and would not confirm the report of Andrew Kopkind from *Hard Times* that Leonard said Hampton had been deliberately slain.

Nor would Brown say that Leonard told those present that he was seeking indictments.

"I find it [my silence] difficult politically, but I can't rectify it," Brown said.

"If a trial doesn't come out (of the Grand Jury investigation) then we have a very different circumstance." Then, he said, he would open up.

Barry Kalb, in his *Washington Star* story of February 19, reported that Leonard urged the commission to stay out of the Hampton case because it looked more like a political squabble than a criminal investigation.

VERDICT

EDWARD V. HANRAHAN

James (Gloves) Davis
Ray Broderick
William Kelly
Robert Hughes
William Corbett
Edward Carmody
John Marusich
Daniel Groth
George Jones
Philip Joseph
William Gorman
Fred Howard
John Ciszewski
Lynwood Harris
Richard S. Jalovec

GUILTY
OF
MURDER



RUSH GOES TO COURT

On the 14th of April, the Deputy Minister of Defense, Bobby Rush, will appear in court on the 10th floor of 11th and South State. This case results from the back-to-back attempt by Hanrahan's special assassination squad to murder Minister Rush. During the early morning hours of Dec. 5th, less than 24 hours after the assassination of Deputy Chairman Fred Hampton and Peoria Defense Captain Mark Clark, Hanrahan, on orders from the Nixon-Agnew-Mitchell regime, made an attempt to murder Minister Rush. The attempt was unsuccessful because Minister Rush previously moved himself and his family from the apartment to a place of security. Failing in their raid, the pigs proceeded to tear up the apartment and later planted a derringer on the premises.

The pigs then issued a warrant charging him with unlawful possession of weapons. Then later, the pigs charged Minister Rush with possession of marijuana. The marijuana turned out to be birdseed. However, the charges were not dropped.

Only massive support at the court room will insure that Minister Rush is not railroaded to jail. We will have to demonstrate to the pigs of the power structure that we will not let them rip off another brother from the black liberation struggle or jail another leader of the Black Panther Party. The pigs have no rights that we are bound to respect, so it is our duty to be able to deliver a profound political consequence if our demands are not met. We are demanding that the charges be dropped and that if he has to appear in court, that he has a jury of his peer group.

He wrote that he was told by a committee member who was present at the meeting that Leonard said he was seeking indictments against some or all of the policemen involved in the raid.

Kalb said that he got his story from two members of the committee who were present at the meeting. Kopkind, who broke the story, got his information from persons present and related to those at the meeting.

The two committee staff members and Brown all confirmed that the meeting had been held, but refused to say what was discussed. Goldberg had no comment on the entire matter and Leonard was unavailable for comment.

As an interesting sidelight, the Goldberg committee hasn't really got into its scheduled investigation because the Ford Foundation never came through with the hundreds of thousands it was going to contribute.

Morsell said things were going slowly because of the lack of money, and that cash was short because of the "politics" involved in the Panther issue.

"The (Ford) Foundation has been made apprehensive as a result of Senate investigations," he said. "The Foundation doesn't want to prejudice its whole operation as a result of one project."

One of the most unusual aspects of the affair is that Chicago bureaus and local reporters either do not read the *Washington Star* or *Hard Times*, or somebody decided that possible indictments in the Hampton slaying wasn't news.

Or maybe the politics involved are even hotter in Chicago than in New York and Washington.

[The *Chicago Journalism Review* is published monthly at 11 E. Hubbard, Chicago 60611. Subscriptions are \$5.00 a year; airmail (U.S.) and foreign (surface) subscriptions, \$7.50 a year.]

PALM SUNDAY

Palm Sunday, 1937. The Nationalist Party in Puerto Rico is going to have a meeting concerning their jailed leader Campos. Since it's customary to have a demonstration before a meeting, the permit is applied for and received. It is not necessary, though, as this is only a courtesy to the municipal authorities.

An hour before the scheduled start of the parade, the permit is taken away, leaving the people who have gathered with no place to go. They stay. They begin their parade down streets lined on both sides with pigs. Pigs so stupid and ruthless that they shoot at each other from across the street.

Simon Marquez, one of the demonstrators, was shot. While laying in the street he wrote, in his own blood, "Arriba la Republica" (Long Live The Republic) and "Abajo los Asesiones" (Down With The Assassins). The Palm Sunday Massacre left behind a total of twenty-one dead and 200 wounded.

Palm Sunday, 1970. The Young Lords hold a rally at Peoples' Church to commemorate a day 33 years ago. Victor Rodriguez, a member of the Socialist League, speaks about repression of the Puerto Rican people and the reasons. The YLO says "Free Puerto Rico Now!" They say it in America. One reason is that the governor and police chief of Ponce in 1937 were North American.

The rally was about Puerto Rico. Bob Gibson isn't Puerto Rican. He isn't black. But he sang his "Ballad of Mark Clark and Fred Hampton." Some of the people at the church didn't know what the words meant. But they understood the spirit. When the song ended, fists were raised and shouts of "Right On!" and "Power to the People!" were heard throughout the church.

That's our universal language.

Sue

Palm Sunday, March 22nd, between midnight and two AM. The LADO office, 2353 West North Avenue. The files of the Latin American Defense Organization are scattered and burnt. The community's records on such matters as welfare abuse are destroyed. Windows are broken, furniture is ruined.

The attackers are unknown.

Anybody with desks, benches, tables, chairs, typewriters, etc. can call 276-0909.

SUNDAY MAY 3
1:30 P.M.

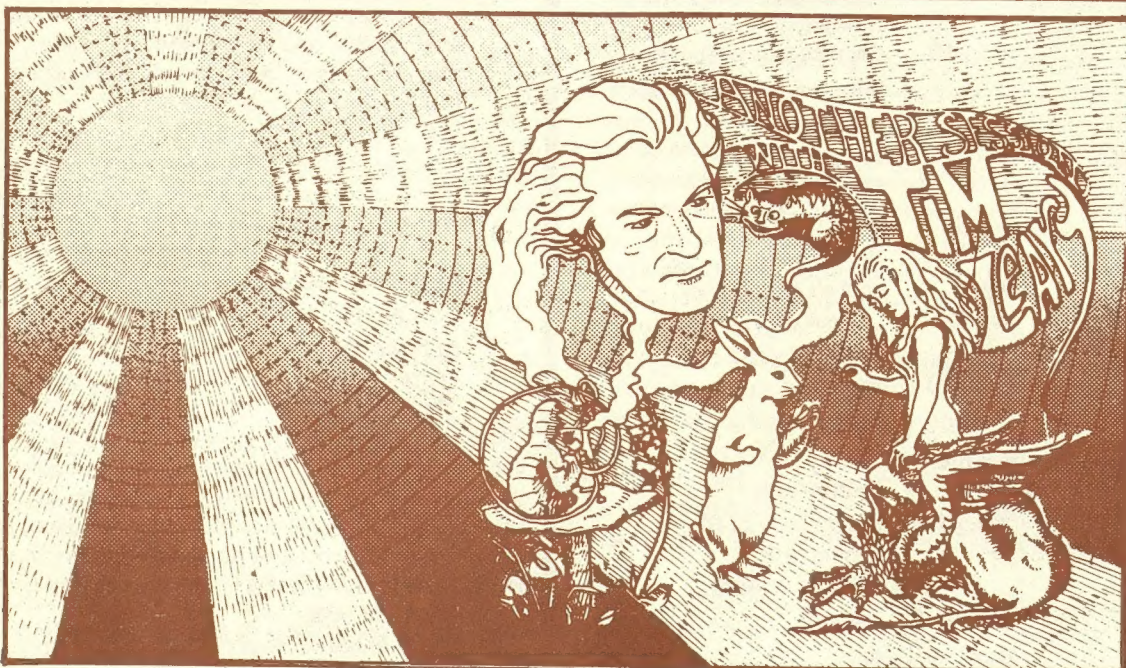
HUMBOLDT PARK
(DIVISION & CALIF)



MANUEL RAMOS

A COMMEMORATION OF THE DEATH OF
MANUEL RAMOS ON MAY 4 1969 AND
A PROTEST OF THE ILLEGAL TRIAL
OF "LOS CUATRO LORDS" WHO WERE
THE WITNESSES TO MANUEL'S DEATH

STOP THE GENOCIDE OF PUERTO RICANS AND ALL
OPPRESSED PEOPLES ☆ FREE ALL POLITICAL
PRISONERS ☆ FREE PUERTO RICO NOW!



San Francisco Oracle, California. #10, 1967

When Timothy Leary testified at the Conspiracy Trial he told the jury Jerry Rubin cherished the memory of Robert Kennedy.

"Tim, do you really believe that rap about Jerry digging Kennedy?" I asked.

"No, but there's a young girl on the jury who does like Kennedy and I was winning her over," Leary replied.

The young girl was Kay Richards who turned out to be the architect of conviction. Richards brought the two opposing factions on the jury together with a compromise verdict of guilty.

Tim thought he could talk his way into a peaceful love and good vibes revolution and out of any jail cell in Amerika. When the pigs finally put him away, he was totally unprepared and didn't even have his toothbrush.

A lot of people on the left are really down on Leary. They think of him as being a counter-revolutionary medicineman, making plenty of bread and teaching young rebels to kiss policemen.

Dr. Tim is a much more complicated human being and this explains why he is behind bars and not dining at one of Nixon's White House dinners.

"I want the radicals to answer one question," Leary always says. "Have I strengthened the capitalistic system by telling people to drop out or have I broken it up?"

It's clear the thousands who listened to Timothy Leary and ran away from the school and factory were not making the world safe for Spiro Agnew.

Tim was one of the gurus for the first be-in in San Francisco.

The Berkeley politicians crossed the bridge after an invitation from Leary's pupils and had their first meeting with the cultural revolution. It wasn't easy for Berkeley's Marxists to figure out the painted rock freaks of Haight

Ashbury. Some politicians had about the same reaction as John DeBonis.

Leary was received by the crowd like some great god from another and much more fantastic cosmic plane. He told everyone they were beautiful and that was only a beginning.

The Yippie festival of life in Chicago was a true son of both Berkeley and the Haight and Tim was one of its first promoters. Leary never made it to Chicago because the pig vibes were too heavy. He was called a sell-out, but so much of the energy which exploded in Chicago was first set in motion by Tim Leary's one madman trip. This is why the pigs hate him so much.

Dr. Tim could never go beyond a kind of hedonic hucksterism as a means of organizing the revolution.

"We have to start acting like the majority," Tim rapped, "to talk about ecology and astrology and be beautiful and make everyone love us and see we are more fun, we can win the Establishment over, we can win everyone over."

For Leary it was only a matter of being more groovy than Julius Hoffman to win people over. I guess Tim believed we could even get the hanging judge to love us if someone would just slip him a hash brownie.

Tim had a lot of luck with getting uptight people to be a little kinder. He was able to acid trip Max Scherr, owner of the Barb, into giving his employees a little more bread.

But people who run the Amerikan Empire are a lot more psychotic than Miser Max. If Mitchell or Kleindienst knew you were more liberated and happy than the entire ruling class they will not want to read your pamphlets. These lunatics will want to use your skin for

nicotine and lampshades. The thought that you have something that they don't will drive the tyrants to genocide.

Most of us learned in Chicago and People's Park that unless you were prepared to defend yourself there would never be anything to love. All good things would be taken away by the pigs including our souls.

To make an American revolution we will need both Tim's acid beauty and a 12 gauge shotgun.

Tim Leary is a very old fashioned guy. I've always thought of him as being not quite hip. In believing that everyone in the nut house could be appealed to with a mixture of reason and Utopian bullshit, Dr. Leary is really like a very Progressive College Professor whose ideas, despite everything, are thirty years older than reality.

Our lives are ruled by an army of hangmen who think of us as "freaking fags" kidnapping their children for an evening of Mao and Marijuana. The more we show them of peace, love and good vibes, the greater their desire to strangle us. This is a truth Tim Leary doing jail-house Yoga may finally realize.

I remember the Progressive Labor Party writing an editorial claiming Tim Leary was a CIA agent who gave the Movement LSD in order to serve Imperialism. PL came on heavy about how it was the true revolutionaries who would wind up in jail and not Leary.

The entire Central Committee of PL is on the streets. None of them have gone to the slam since the editorial was written. Tim is now eating prison chow so he must have done something to enjoy the honor.

Timothy Leary is a political prisoner. Not a brother, but one of our true fathers. We have outgrown his teachings but like good children we must take care of this cat and see he has a happy old age.

Free Timothy!

Stew Albert
The Berkeley Tribe

In Santa Ana, California, Tim Leary has just been sentenced to one-to-ten years in jail for possession of two roaches in the ashtray of his car. This closely follows his sentencing in a Texas federal court to ten years for smuggling marijuana. The judge in that case called him "a menace to society."

The Leary Freedom Fund has asked that those who believe Dr. Tim to be something quite different than a "menace" should "flood the jail with mail." All mail should be sent to him at the Orange County Jail, 550 N. Flower Street, Santa Ana, California.

Needless to say, the Defense Fund also needs great gobs of money to fight the two convictions. If the law is to be seriously challenged, appeals that may take years in the courts and thousands in legal fees will be necessary. Send checks payable to the Tim Leary Freedom Fund to: 1230 Queens Road, Berkeley, California.

schools

High... Peoples' Free...

The High School Rights Coalition has called for a campaign for free speech in the high schools. The Coalition is circulating petitions demanding that "(1) students shall have the right to distribute leaflets, newspapers, and other literature anywhere on school grounds, without censorship or prior authorization; (2) students shall have the right to form political and social organizations within the school and shall have the right to use school facilities for these organizations; (3) students shall have the right to bring in speakers of their own choosing without restrictions; (4) students shall be free from arbitrary disciplinary action, and shall be guaranteed their constitutional right of due process (i.e., fair hearing, right to counsel, right to appeal, etc.)."

The climax of the campaign will happen on April 15, when the Coalition has called for a massive demonstration outside the Chicago Board of Education (228 N. LaSalle) at 1:30. Every student rebel worth his salt should attend this gala event.

* * * * *

Thrills and chills at Bowen; the administration picked three students to pick the band to play at the prom or something and held an assembly for them to announce the choice. A lot of the people were pissed off, because (a) it was a schmuck-o band and (b) they had no say in it, so, after the official assembly was officially over, an impromptu assembly was held and three decent bands were chosen.

The next day the administration announced that it was suspending five students accused of running the alternate assembly. Around 200 people sat in. Effects: they got the bands they wanted, the five people were not suspended, BUT the 200 sitters-in each got blocked, which means they couldn't go back to school until their parents came in and talked to the administration.

Then, in chapter five of this incredible adventure, we find three girls, their ire raised, mimeographing some "High School Students Unite!" signs. Caught putting them up, they were cut down in a withering hail of suspensions.

* * * * *

A Morning of Irreverence was held March 13 at New Trier E., which consisted of lots of zany truants screwing around in front of the school, some big-time outside agitators from the Youth International Party, a negotiator from the administration ("Who's your spokesman?"), and every other administrator in the school watching out the windows, waiting for the sit-in or riot or attack or something. The poor fools never realized how much more dangerous than that a Morning of Irreverence can be.

Just how dangerous was proven two weeks later, when about 40 of these young hooligans entered a local restaurant, Parker's (in Wilmette), obviously bent on wreaking havoc. (The fact that the owner refuses to serve long-haired boys had nothing to do with it.) The owner, seeing his duty, hustled right out and asked the long-haired males to leave because their hair "violated sanitary regulations." This amused the long-haired girls, as well as everybody else. Nobody moved, so the owner brought the constabulary into play and nine (count 'em) people were arrested for trespassing.

Salt on the wound—five blocks away, a two-year-old boy was killed at about that time by a car. The police chief said that he was extremely upset about this because a policeman might have saved the child, "Instead, we're all up at Parker's arguing about long hair and constitutional rights for hippies."

More to come on the response to this outrageous bit of honkdom.

The editor and Imperial Wizard (one person) of the Cosmic Frog, a paper at Lane Tech, was suspended for awhile for doing that paper. The next day the school was attacked by hundreds of black-pajama-ed frogs. The frogs still hold parts of the school. (Too bad some people didn't help.)

We who occupy a place in this country, being its sworn enemies yet inescapably its children, with all the perversions of humanity that entails, are victims of a taxing cycle. We orbit between revolutionary zeal and the doldrums of the would-be revolutionary, retreating from all the Amerikan/capitalistic/unenlightened ways of thinking and acting that we bring into the movement. Sometimes we're productive, lots of times we thrash around, lots of times we vegetate.

What this has to do with the Peoples' School, one of our institutions, is this: if you're thrashing around right now, there are times and spaces there (boo to "classes") which are visited by other thrashers—try thrashing together, that's what we're about. If you're feeling committed and productive, go and be a part of it—learn, teach, and help. Bring what you learned there somewhere else and use it; we all have to find revolutionary functions.

And if you're vegetating, send them money.

Here is the Peoples' School's schedule of events. (At 4409 N. Sheridan Rd., phone: 561-6737.)

BILL

Monday:	6-7 pm	typing communications
	7-8:30	labor history typing (7-8)
	8-9	english for spanish speakers english
	8:30-10	the way it is (rapping)
	9-10	bill-paying, budgeting, etc.
Tuesday:	6-7 pm	typing film
	7-8:30	communes typing (7-8)
	8-9	english for spanish speakers reading
	8:30-10	literature
	9-10	consumer
Wednesday:	6-7 pm	typing civilizations
	7-8:30	psychology (7-8) typing (7-8) creative writing
	8-9	english
	8:30-10	art
	9-10	bill paying, budgeting, etc.
Thursday:	6-7 pm	typing philosophy
	7-8:30	typing (7-8) witchcraft
	8-9	english for spanish speakers reading
	8:30-10	music
	9-10	consumer

* * * * *

The taxpayers haven't given Reavis much money, so to economize, the execs suspended the student towel service, ignoring the fact that the students pay for that service at the beginning of the year. Huge numbers of people have jammed into the superintendent's office to demand their towels or their money back. No Score Yet On That One.

In what may very well be the beginnings of a fad, Rich Central had an Afternoon of Irreverence. The afternoon got off to a quick start when Seed staffers and other dignitaries attacked the school in a frontal assault with two machine guns and soap bubbles, giving cheerful waves, peace signs and middle fingers to the prisoners watching out the windows. In no time at all we found ourselves giving I.D.'s to the Olympia Fields police force

PROSPECTUS FOR A FREE SCHOOL

In response to a society in which educational reforms have become rigidified, and in which education fails to meet the needs of its students and of the mass of people outside its gates to whom it must ultimately be responsible, several members of the Chicago northside community have begun the establishment of a free university; a school of liberation designed to fill several needs that existing systems have neglected. To wit:

A) *The need for a free exchange of ideas and information, unbound by the strictures of grades, tests, course requirements, conventionalized and often irrelevant course material, degree and job pressures, and a strictly maintained role gap between 'student' and 'teacher'.*

B) *The need for educating people in the skills needed to survive in an increasingly impersonal, urbanized and technological society, and in the awareness and skills required to assure the survival of the planet in the face of increasing damage to the ecological balance.*

C) *The need for an educational system responsive to the needs of both the "learning community" and the community at large. A system, in fact, that destroys that distinction.*

D) *The need for schools that can de-educate people away from the institutionalized racism and ethnocentrism; away from the pro-system, anti-change propaganda of the existing schools. For schools to re-educate people to the need for solutions to the pressing problems faced by minorities and by all of us in common in our community, our city, our country and our world.*

E) *The need for education available to the poor as well as to the rich; to the working class as well as the middle and upper classes; to black, brown, red, and yellow as well as to white—a people's school for ALL the people.*

The school will be forming on the north side within the next month or so, and we will need help in every conceivable area. We will be needing money, books, supplies, publicity and place from which to operate, but even more than those, we will need time, energy and ideas from you, as potential students and potential teachers, if we are going to offer an alternative to the ivy-covered bullshit that we now call schools.

We have gotten together a very tentative outline of some of the things we'd like to learn or teach ourselves, but we need your support, interest and ideas to really make this happen. Among the early suggestions: Ecology, Welfare Rights, Auto Repair, Chicago Power Structure and How to Beat It, Women's Liberation, Guerilla Theater, Communal Living, Revolutionary Struggles Past and Present, First Aid, Food for Life, Political Organizing, Hustles, Self-Defense, High School Liberation, Child Rearing, Carpentry, and Growing Your Own Food. Many ideas are omitted; many are hopefully yet to come—from YOU.

If the idea of a truly free school interests you, contact the Seed at 929-0133 and speak to (or leave a message for) Eliot. DO IT! DO IT! DO IT! DO IT!

and hob-nobbing with all the freaks at Rich who had come out to see what was up.

Seizing the time, we staged a militant march across the street to the parking lot of a theological seminary, where everybody partied while the Rich C. people who invited us explained to their comrades how we'd been scheduled to speak inside the school until the administration changed its mind twenty-four hours before our appearance on the scene. Well, this surprised the people very much, and they therefore spent the rest of the time plotting revenge. The administration was cowed enough to not suspend any of the people who ditched classes to meet us and bring us to the school.

If You'd like to hold a Morning or Mid-Afternoon or Whatever of Irreverence, get some props, invite someone illegal (specify AM or PM), and strike a nany blow against schools as they are.

Yossarian
H.S. RADICAL UNION.

SS SYSTEM GETTING HOT



The system is in trouble. The trouble that it's seen in the streets is only part of the trouble it's in, and the Sprio/Nixon/Mitchell view of conspiracy afoot isn't far from being wrong. Blacks are throwing off their oppression and college students theirs, as are women, Third World people, gays and GI's.

One hundred percent of Amerikan males between the ages of 18 and 26 are oppressed by the specter of conscription, and, predictably enough, the Draft is in trouble, too. A massive conspiracy of refusal has built from a small core of resisters—overriding a draft lottery sop and bogus talk of ending the draft, tidbits thrown by the Nixon administration to soften the roar of the throng at the gates.

Thousands of young men have felt the moral imperative to shout NO! to the call for indentured servitude. Working both individually and in league with organized resistance movements like Chicago's CADRE, thousands of refusers, draft card burners and non-registrants have clogged the Federal Court system to the point that every major city in the nation has a long backlog of draft cases that haven't even reached the indictment stage. San Francisco alone has 2,000 such cases stuck in the "justice" department, and cities like New York and Los Angeles aren't far behind. CADRE reports a log jam here in Chicago that numbers in the hundreds. At least 8,000 men a year are disappearing into Canada, and guesses at the number of people who simply don't register with their local board when they reach 18 number into the hundreds of thousands. Selective Service records show that the number of "serious delinquencies"—guys that just stopped communicating with their draft boards and, for Selective Service purposes, have disappeared—has more than doubled in the last two years alone.

Forgetting for a moment the people who have broken off all relations with the SSS, the system is beginning to clank from within. The lottery system that was started at the beginning of the year is in turmoil. The bill as passed by Congress reduced the draft pool to the point that 15 states could not meet their February quotas and all that appeasing talk of getting a high lottery number, and lucking out has evaporated as most every state has gone right through to number 365 in futile efforts to meet quotas. The shuck has been exposed.

Beyond the conspiracy of refusal is an even larger conspiracy of avoidance; a conspiracy that has resulted in the startling figure of almost ¾ of a million more 1-Y's (exempt for physical, mental or moral reasons, except for dire national emergency) by October 1969 than in October 1967. 737,000 more men who responded to their country's call by feigning illness, bringing medical evidence of unfitness, playing insane, homosexual or addicted, getting too stoned to stand and generally saying "fuck this shit." Another chunk responded by applying for status as conscientious objectors: a 50% increase in CO's granted, and a probable threefold rise in CO applications, in the same two-year period, were the results.

The system's troubles do NOT end when they finally dragoon men into the service. Army figures admit to 50,000 deserters and 150,000 permanent AWOLs in 1968 alone. And that's two years ago. It's gotten to the point where Army Intelligence(?) can make only the most cursory checks on the whereabouts of the vanished ones. As if wholesale defection from the ranks weren't enough, GI's have been busily engaged in organizing themselves to resist the mindless oppression of military life. Over 50 GI newspapers, written by, for and about

discontented soldiers, have sprung up at bases all over the country (as well as Vietnam) in the last two years. Along with this phenomenon has come the advent of GI coffeehouses located in close proximity to military bases and mainly run by off-duty servicemen. Many have suffered harassment and intimidation for serving as a meeting place for anti-war GI's trying to live with their association with the military. Despite increased attacks (a coffeehouse near Fort Dix, N.J. has been attacked three times and was firebombed last month), the coffeehouse movement seems to be gaining rather than losing strength.

As if trying to herd 10 million draft-age Americans into an oppressive assembly-line planned to create mindless "fighting men" weren't hard enough, as if the very natural reluctance of a human being toward being treated this way weren't boggling the system badly enough, there is a rapidly growing movement of civilian resistance-supporters who have wrought havoc upon the neatly-laid plans of the military machine from coast to coast. In nearly every large city, groups of people have thrown themselves into the machinery of the military and, especially, the draft. Places as diverse as Catonsville, Maryland, Akron, Ohio, Los Angeles, Milwaukee, Chicago, Indianapolis—the list is growing. Women and not-so-young men theoretically exempt from the draft, deciding that no one with a conscience is exempt from oppression, have destroyed files, burned records, disrupted inductions. As the struggle to end the mad militaristic march intensifies, reports appear of ROTC buildings "catching fire" at college campuses nationwide, of Selective Service offices exploding, and, in one case, of an Army Ordnance Center being bombed from a stolen light plane.

Forays of this nature have given rise to "groups" compounded of a number of individuals arrested in connection with acts of obstruction; thus, the Catonsville 9, Milwaukee 14, and locally, the Beaver 55 and the Chicago 15.

Eight members of the Beaver 55 are presently undergoing a hearing to decide whether they can be indicted for conspiracy. In fact, they are undergoing two hearings for two separate actions: for destroying 1-A and delinquent files at 44 local draft boards in and around Indianapolis on October 31 of last year; and for breaking into the international office of Dow Chemical the next month and destroying magnetic tapes and data processing cards (see article on computer sabotage elsewhere in this issue) containing technical information on napalm, nerve gases and defoliants.

In another daring raid, another unit of the Beaver 55 struck several draft centers in the Minneapolis-St. Paul area last month defacing, strewing and burning files covering 1-A's from all over the area. A subsidiary raid on the central draft headquarters resulted in the destruction of most of the duplicates of the destroyed records.

Fifteen other Chicago area residents, aptly titled the Chicago 15, are presently under indictment for breaking into a local draft board office at 63rd and Western last May 25th, pouring paint into file cabinets, and taking sacks full of 1-A folders into the alley behind the office and burning them as they danced around the fire singing "We Shall Overcome." They are charged with destruction of Federal property, interfering with the operation of the Selective Service System and Conspiracy to commit both of those acts. Their trial is presently in the pre-trial motion stage (all have been denied) and will begin in April.

ITEM—The area covered by the Indianapolis action

by the Beaver 55 has been free of the draft since the time of the action.

ITEM—No one in the Twin Cities area of Minnesota will be drafted until at least June, possibly later.

ITEM—The local board at 63rd and Western has been moved to a nearby Army installation, where it is under 24-hour guard. It has only just begun to resume drafting people.

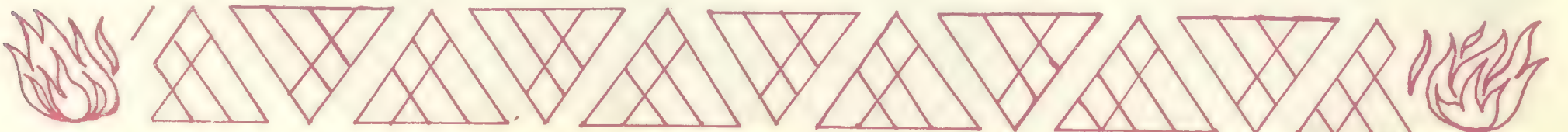
The system is in trouble, and, as we learned from the Conspiracy trial, intends to use the Federal courts as a "court of last resort" to rescue the status quo. What we can expect is a concerted effort to intimidate dissenters on all fronts, and since the Selective Service is in some of the deepest trouble, we can expect harsh rulings in cases of interference with the workings of the military and the draft. Already, scores of GI dissenters have been brought up on charges ranging from "wrongfully insulting a public official" (for GI's who publish underground newspapers), to "illegal distribution of printed matter" (for GI's who dare to show their copies of such papers to their buddies), to mutiny (for those who rebel against the inhuman and disgusting treatment in Army stockades). Already, hundreds of draft resisters have gone to jail for terms up to five years for following the moral imperative "Thou shalt not kill." And now, the courts are beginning to come to grips with the civilians who have taken their own moral stand against a genocidal war and an inequitable draft, who have attempted physical obstruction where political and moral pressure failed.

When a court judges actions designed to have a political effect rather than one of personal gain, it is holding a political trial, yet the Amerikan system of justice makes no provision for "crimes of conscience." By judging a political trial on the same basis as a criminal trial, it makes breaking into a draft board indistinguishable from breaking into an apartment. The Federal courts are attempting to isolate the action from the morality from which it springs and the social injustice which it attempts to right.

Already, the Chicago 15 judge, Edwin Robeson, has ordered that the defendants "make no statements, written or oral in public, at public events or for public consumption," under penalty of Contempt of Court sentences. Does that sound familiar? Do you see a pattern forming? Gaggling the defendants is a ploy to hush-up a trial whose issues must ultimately be judged by the people and by history. To try a draft-obstructor as a common vandal is akin to calling a German who shot a Gestapo officer a murderer. We call them heroes!

By prohibiting the Chicago 15 from bringing their case to the people, Judge Robeson, in much the same way as his esteemed colleague Julius Hoffman did, showed that he fully recognizes the government's need for public ignorance of the issues at stake in the trial, so that they can be ignored during the course of the trial. He intends to treat an act aimed at arousing the conscience of America as if it were a thrill-killing, and we cannot let him succeed any more than the Chicago 15 or the Beaver 55 could allow the SSS or Dow Chemical to carry out their genocidal mission.

The system is in trouble, and they'd like to turn the courts into a political tribunal. Tribunals like those of Germany in the 30's, Greece in the 60's, and like those of all fascist governments in trouble. Not only can it happen here, but it is happening, and the only way to stop it is to get the tribunals into trouble too.



OUR REPORTER SAYS THE CHICAGO DEFENDANTS WERE MOSTLY PATIENT, REASONABLE AND QUIET.....

... Our reporter was Gene Marine, and he says that Judge Hoffman shouted repeatedly, humiliated the defendants and their lawyers before the jury, and treated the prosecution attorneys as friends.

Gene was there—not covering the “highlights” or rewriting wire service copy—and he says the judge mocked the defendants by clowning with their names (“Dillinger” and “Derringer” for Dellinger), quaking in mock terror of defense witnesses, and making public cracks about defense lawyers outside the courtroom.

In a 25,000 word report about the trial (and the riots) he says that Bobby Seale was polite and well-behaved and that his outbursts came only after provocation. He says that Seale was slugged in the courtroom while the jury was absent.

Gene says that Malik Seale, age 3, was ejected from court when he started crying at the sight of his father in chains.

Gene says that the judge okayed, for the record, the definition of “subversive organization” as “any organization that could create problems for the city or county.”



EXCERPT:

...out-of-town reporters, wire service reporters, news magazine reporters, all wanted to know the same thing: Who are the demonstrators to be? So of course they went to the people who would know: the cops. And—to judge by the stories—they believed what they were told: the demonstrators are a group of young ugly unwashed types known as Yippies, and they are led by Rennie Davis, Jerry Rubin, Tom Hayden, and 53-year-old Dave Dellinger (the latter, obviously unmeasurable for the costume in which Yippies are supposed to be bedecked, becomes the sinister outside manipulator providing the connection to the old You Know Who).

But trust reporters. Given all this misinformation—for the thousands really had no leaders beyond a few sketchy plans, and there was nothing leaders could have done—the press, as it invariably will, found the right way, the colorful guy, the guy who was always good for a quote and a fast good one-and-a-half-minute film insert for the six o'clock news. It was Abbie in front and Jerry close behind and nobody else had a shot...

They arrived on August 15th, and it was a delightful series of interviews. What are the Yippies going to do, Abbie, old boy?

• “Well, we’ve got a bunch of Yippie girls dressed up as whores, but young, you know, and nice, and they’re going to pick up convention delegates and slip acid into their drinks ...”

• “Ten thousand kids, all of a sudden one day, floating nude on Lake Michigan...”

• “A hundred greased pigs, released one day in the Loop...”

• “All the Yippies wearing black pajamas, passing out rice...”

• “Yippie studs whose job is to seduce the delegates’ wives and daughters...”

Abbie Hoffman even told reporters that clean-shaven, crewcut Yippies, wearing sober suits, would circulate through the bars and other gathering places, waiting for the opportunity to get into a conversation and interpolate: “You know, these Yippies have something to say...”

When Abbie slyly let it be known that the Yippies were going to slip massive amounts of LSD into the water supply, Daley ordered an around-the-clock guard. When (after they released one pig, who was promptly seized by a cop) Abbie announced that the next plan was to liberate a lion, the guard force at the Chicago Zoo was trebled.

By the day the convention opened, there were about 2000 demonstrators-to-be (by the end of the week, possible 10,000). Chicago has 12,000 cops plus six thousand National Guardsmen and six thousand regular Army troops, complete with bazookas, jeeps bedecked with barbed wire, and tanks. Tanks? Tanks!

He says that the judge, when picking the jury, asked only the questions submitted by the prosecution. He ruled the defense questions “irrelevant.” Such questions as, “Do you admire Billy Graham?” “Do you have hostile feelings towards persons with differing life styles?” “Have you heard of the Fugs?” Those were irrelevant.

He says that the judge effectively prevented the defense from questioning Mayor Daley by sustaining 70 consecutive prosecution objections.

He says the judge didn’t think that the prosecution’s having had a spy in on defense consultations was grounds for mistrial.

Gene says that all of this and more happened because it wasn’t a real trial, except in the Kafka sense. The day-to-day goings on were not really about what happened in Chicago at all. They were about hair, dope, sex, dirty words, that kind of thing. Misbehavior. And that a whole generation could go to jail in the same kind of trial.

Gene Marine, writing in Rolling Stone, says the trial reported on in the daily papers must have been some other trial.

Mail to:

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Please put me down for a subscription to Rolling Stone.

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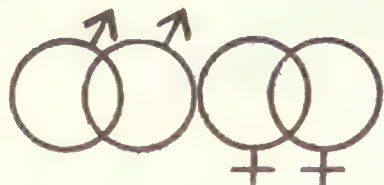
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GAY LIBERATION

supplement



COME TOGETHER

Chicago Gay Liberation
Weekly General Business Meetings:
South Side/University of Chicago: 955-7433
North Side: 472-2967
Northwestern University: 338-9241
Roosevelt University: 525-5268

In addition to the above, groups have formed in the Greater Chicago area at:

DeKalb, Northern Illinois University
U. of I., Champaign-Urbana
Ill. State University, Normal (with Ill. Wesleyan, Bloomington)
U of Wisconsin, Madison
U of Wisconsin, Milwaukee
U of I, Chicago Circle

April Events

Saturday, April 4th

U. of C. sponsors it's second dance. Woodward Commons, 5825 S. Woodlawn Ave., 8:30 pm.

Sunday, April 5th

City-wide meeting. Ida Noyes Hall, 1212 E. 59th St., 3 pm. U of Chicago.

Wednesday, April 15

Gay Liberation contingent will march in the Peace March.

Thursday, April 16th

Gay Liberation Day: Noon Rally, place to be announced. Program will include a wide variety of events. Lee Weiner will be speaking at the rally, music, dancing, fun. After the rally, Gay Liberation will march to the Municipal Court Building to protest the trial of David Steinacker. Evening program to be announced.

Saturday, April 18th

North Side sponsors a Gay Liberation Dance at the Coliseum, 8 pm

Continuing—Informal rap sessions: U. of C.; Blue Garçoye, M. & Th., noon. Bondersnatch dinners, 6 pm
Tu. Study Groups at U. of C. 7 pm Wed.

Gay Liberation Information:

- Read the Seed and all other underground newspapers.
- Chicago Gay Lib Newsletter. Call 955-7433 to be placed on mailing list.
- Mattachine Midwest Newsletter. Subscriptions at \$3.00 per year to P.O. Box 924, Chicago 60690

Buttons:

Out of the Closets and Into the Streets
Freaking Fag Revolutionary

Available soon at the local saloon.

"Boys in the Band"

Gay Liberation has been leafletting the Carnegie Theater during the run of "Boys in the Band." In a first night confrontation with the local authorities (summoned by the theater) Gay Liberation's right to distribute the leaflet was upheld. More volunteers are needed. Please call Sue at 955-7433. The text of the leaflet is reprinted below.

Homosexuals in our society are consistently and cruelly oppressed by the myth that they are in some way less than their fellow men. Whether this characterization of homosexuality as inferior is expressed in terms of "immorality," "perversion," or "maladjustment," it places upon a valuable part of society a sometimes insupportable weight of guilt, anxiety, and self-hatred. The pain and cruelty typified by "The Boys in the Band" should be understood as the expression of human lives damaged by an environment of condemnation, suspicion, job discrimination, and legal harassment.

Gay Liberation refuses to apologize for the occasionally humorous but often tragically destructive lives of some Gay people - we condemn the society which is responsible for our oppression and call to all to join us in the struggle for a world in which all human beings are free to love without fear or shame.

HIGH SCHOOL GAYS

This day is dedicated to the 135 Elk Grove High School kids who will one day fight for the right to love a member of the same sex.

Wednesday... six members of Gay Liberation, one Gay woman, four Gay men, and Susan the Polymorphous Perverse travel to a white middle-class suburban high school to talk to a succession of sociology classes.

The six of us sit facing the class, the kids sit quietly, listen. What's going on inside their heads? Do they hate us, are they afraid of us? Do they view us as a curiosity? It occurs to me that the most freaked-out person in the room may be one of the Gay high school kids, in his closet, struggling to control his emotions, not to let it show. His face is calm, he sits quietly, while his guts are ripping apart, his mind is in turmoil.

We each give a short rap, then open it up to discussion. A girl asks us why we set ourselves apart from straight society. Why do we alienate ourselves? I tell her that the straight world sets us apart, not we ourselves. I tell her we're alienated because we don't marry members of the opposite sex, settle in Elk Grove Village, have kids...

Another student asks why, if God had wanted homosexuality, did he first create a heterosexual couple? Someone else answers, while I frame my own, silent answer in my mind. It doesn't matter what it says in the Bible, it's fantasy, it's made up. I don't care what God wanted. It's what I want that matters. But I don't say it. Wouldn't want them to think that all homosexuals are atheists.

Richard talks about his parents. "My parents know I'm Gay. Their reactions are rather typical. My father tells me to go see a psychiatrist. My mother thinks I've made a bad decision." The kids crack up. It's great to hear them laugh. It says to us that they know that nobody decides to be Gay. That we feel it in our guts, same as straight people.

Another girl speaks up. We've received five or six responses from girls. Not a single one from a guy. Why the discrepancy? Are the guys really that up-tight, that insecure about their sexuality? The question—what determines whether a person becomes a heterosexual or a homosexual? Shelly answers that a Gay man usually has a traumatic experience in his background. A woman's Gayness is determined more by social context. I disagree. I don't think science has anything to say about sexuality. Neither social science, physical science nor biological science. I say so. There's disagreement on the panel. Gay Liberation has no correct line.

A couple of guys finally speak up. That's an improvement. There's humor, honesty, exchange of ideas. Kids asking questions that would shock their parents. Have you ever slept with a member of the opposite sex? Do you want to have sex with every member of the same sex that you see?

We've just learned that the local press has been alerted to our presence, possibly by an alarmed parent. A reporter is on her way. We'll drive off this afternoon, leaving the sociology team and the principal to deal with the coming storm. We won't even be aware of whatever goes on after we depart... hit and run. Gay guerrillas.

Toward the end of each period I declare that there are three or four or five Gay kids in the room besides ourselves. My friends tell me after second period that I'm surely putting the Gay kids up-tight. They must think for a terrified second that I've spotted them, will point them out. So I change my rap—"According to the Kinsey Report, 5% of the population is Gay. We can therefore expect that 5% of the kids in this class are Gay, blah, blah..." I tell the Gay kids, whoever they may be, that they should memorize the telephone number written on the board (they won't incriminate themselves by copying it down) and call if they want to talk about it. Each time I wonder what I would have done if I'd been a high school senior, and had suddenly been presented with a number I could call to talk to a fellow homosexual for the first time. I wonder if I would have called.

It was in high school that I myself first became aware that I was Gay. A friend asked me what homosexual meant. I looked it up in the dictionary and was mind-blown to find that the definition described an aspect of me. The story of my Gay birth in front of an unabridged

dictionary is unique. The rest of the Tornis River High School story is the same as the Elk Grove High School story. I'm telling the Gay kids a history that they're living, that they know, but probably haven't heard told before.

"I couldn't tell any of my friends that I was Gay. I was ashamed. I thought I was perverted, a freak. I couldn't sit around with the other kids when they were carrying on about their current crushes (that had to be deferred until now, when at twenty-two, I babble on incessantly about the guy I like). I couldn't go out on dates with guys, didn't want to go to parties or dances with girls, on, and on, and on, and on. The worst part is having to internalize it all. You pack in the unspent energy, the untold thoughts, the unrealized longings, the unreleased emotions, pack 'em in, pack 'em in, until you think you're going to blow apart. But you never do. Just painful day after tormented day after anguished day..." As I say this I know it sounds awfully maudlin—yet I must so that no one will get the idea that it isn't hell. Because it is. People should know that. I feel a great love and concern for the Gay kids in the class, a great empathy for their suffering. I wonder if any of them will call.

Now it's fifth period and the room is packed. Kids on the floor, on the walls, sharing seats. The atmosphere is electric, everyone has a sense that something special is happening. We hardly have a chance to start our short presentations when the hands start waving. Someone tells us that she has a puritanical upbringing. "Shouldn't some temptations be resisted? Should moral values be generated from within a person or should they come from an outside source?" I ask her what outside source? Church? State? Yes, the church is what she had in mind. I reply that religion has nothing to tell me, that it's a bunch of myths. I'm very surprised when there's a burst of applause. We talk about morality, about happiness, about hurting people. "In terms of hurting people," I say, "the church is the most immoral institution in the world." Oh brother, now I've done it. A Gay atheist. Does anyone suspect that I'm a communist? Yet before I know it, I'm doing it again. I'm attacking the family, marriage. "A child should not be subject to the domination and absolute dictates of the two people who happen to be his biological parents. Children should be raised communally by all adults, men, women, Gays, straights." There's no response to this one. The kids are hearing it for the first time. I only heard it myself for the first time a few weeks ago. I had to think about it. Now they'll think about it. I'm glad I said it.

Someone asks me if my parents know. Not yet. It wasn't too hard for me to come out, because my parents are in New Jersey, a good safe distance away. But you're going to see some real courage when Gay high school kids start coming out, telling their friends, being up-front, organizing. Two guys'll go to the prom together. Their four parents will look down from the balcony and agree that Jimmy and Tommy make a cute couple. We'll celebrate the day that High School Gay Liberation gets rolling. These kids'll tell their parents while they're still living at home. They're gonna start dating. A girl's gonna call up a girl she likes and ask her if she wants to go to the movies. "If you don't wanna go," she'll tell her, "just say 'no'." Gay kids'll dance together wherever straight kids dance. Two guys'll walk down the hall holding hands. They'll protest when they're discriminated against, they're not gonna take that shit any more. And they'll be happy. That's right, folks, Gay high school students will be happy. I hope the first High School Gay Liberation group is at Elk Grove High. Young Gay Pioneers. I'll be proud of them.

"I've heard about suburban high school sociology. One day an ex-convict comes in. He tells how he's seen the error of his ways. He's reformed and things are much better than they were (aren't they?). Then a former dope addict. He's kicked the habit. A prostitute who's gotten a 'decent' job. So here's your homosexual. Only he's not reforming. Nothing to reform. Only to liberate. Things are gonna be so much better."

STEP

STEPIN FETCHIT WOMAN

Lesbianism is one road to freedom — freedom from oppression by men.

To see lesbianism in this context — as a mode of living neither better nor worse than others, as one which offers its own opportunities — one must abandon the notion that deviance from the norm arises from personal illness.

It is generally accepted that America is a "sick society." There is an inevitable corollary to this statement, which has not been generally accepted: that people within our society are all crippled by virtue of being forced to conform to certain norms. (Those who conform most easily can be seen as either the most healthy, because adaptable, or most sick because least spirited.) The black is struggling to free himself not only from white oppression, but from the sickness of self-contempt and the sick roles he has been forced to play. Women are struggling to liberate their minds from sick sexual roles. It is clear that the self-abasing, suffering, shuffling black is not someone with a personal neurosis, but society's victim — and someone who has been forced to learn certain techniques for survival. Few people understand that the same is true of the self-abnegating passive housewife. Fewer understand this truth about the homosexual.

These techniques of survival help us meet certain needs, at the expense of others.

For women, as for other groups, there are several American norms. All of them have their rewards — and their penalties. The nice girl next door, virginal until her marriage — the Miss America type — is rewarded with community respect and respectability. She loses her individuality and her freedom to become a toothpaste smile and a chastity belt. The career woman gains independence and a larger margin of freedom — if she is willing to work twice as hard as a man for less pay, and if she can cope with emotional strains similar to those that beset the black intellectual surrounded by white colleagues. The starlet, call-girl, or bunny whose source of income is directly related to her image as a sex object, gains some financial independence and freedom from housework. She doesn't have to work as hard as the career woman, but she pays through psychological degradation as a sex object, and through the insecurity of knowing that her career — based on youthful good looks — is short-lived.

The lesbian, through her ability to obtain love and sexual satisfaction from other women, is freed of dependence on men for love, sex and money. She does not have to do menial chores for them (at least at home), nor cater to their egos, nor submit to hasty and inept sexual encounters. She is freed from fear of unwanted pregnancy and the pains of childbirth, and from the drudgery of childraising.

On the other hand, she pays three penalties. The rewards of child raising are denied her. This is a great loss for some women, but not for others. Few women abandon their children, as compared with the multitudes of men who abandon both wives and children. Few men take much interest in the process of child raising. One suspects that it might not be much fun for the average person, and so the men leave it to the women.

The lesbian must compete with men in the job market, facing the same job and salary discrimination as her straight sister. On the other hand, she has more of a chance of success since her career is not interrupted by childbirth.

Finally, she faces the most severe contempt and ridicule that society can heap on a woman.

A year ago, when Women's Liberation picketed the 1968 Miss America Pageant, the most terrible epithet heaped on our straight sisters was "lesbian". The sisters faced hostile audiences who called them "commies," "tramps," "bathless," etc., and they faced these labels with equanimity; but they broke into tears when they were called lesbians. When a woman showed up at a feminist meeting and announced that she was a lesbian, many women avoided her. Others told her to keep her mouth shut, for fear that she would endanger the cause. They felt that men could be persuaded to accept some measure of equality for women — as long as these women would parade their devotion to heterosexuality and motherhood.

A woman who is totally independent of men — who obtains love, sex and self-esteem from other women — is a terrible threat to male supremacy. She doesn't need them, and therefore they have very little power over her.

I have met many, many feminists who were not lesbians — but I have never met a lesbian who was not a feminist. Straight women by the millions have been sold the belief that they must subordinate themselves to men,

accept less pay for equal work, and do all the shit work around the house. I have met straight women who would die to preserve their chains. I have never met a lesbian who believed that she was innately less rational or capable than a man; who swallowed one word of the "woman's role" horseshit.

Lesbians, because they are not afraid of being guardians of modern morality, the psychiatrists, have interpreted this hostility as an illness, and they say this illness causes and is lesbianism.



If hostility to men causes lesbianism, then it seems to me that in a male-dominated society, lesbianism is a sign of mental health.

The psychiatrists have also forgotten that lesbianism involves love between women. **Isn't love between equals healthier than sucking up to an oppressor?** And when they claim we aren't capable of loving men, even if we want to — I ask you, straight man, are you capable of loving another man so deeply that you aren't afraid of his body or afraid to put your body in his hands? Are you really capable of loving women, or is your sexuality just another expression of your hostility? Is it an act of love or sexual conquest? An act of sexual imperialism?

I do not mean to condemn all males. I have found some beautiful, loving men among the revolutionaries, among the hippies, and the male homosexuals. But the

abandoned by men, are less reluctant to express hostility towards the male class — the oppressors of women. Hostility towards your oppressor is healthy — but the average man — including the average student male radical — wants a passive sex-object cum domestic cum baby nurse to clean up after him while he does all the fun things and bosses her around — while he plays either bigshot executive or Che Guevara — and he is my oppressor and my enemy.

Society has taught most lesbians to believe that they are sick and has taught most straight women to despise and fear the lesbian as a perverted, diseased creature. It has fostered the myth that lesbians are ugly and turn to each other because they can't get that prize, that prince, a male! In this age of the new "sexual revolution", another myth has been fostered — the beautiful lesbians who play games with each other on the screen for the titillation of heterosexual males. They are not seen as serious people in love — but as performers in the "let's try a new perversion" game.

Freud founded the myth of penis envy, and men have asked me, "But what can two women do together?" As though a penis were the *sine qua non* of sexual pleasure! Man, we can do without it, and keep it going longer, too!

Women are afraid to be without a man's protection — because other men will assault them on the streets. And this is no accident, not an aberration performed by a few lunatics. Assaults on women are no more an accident than are lynchings of blacks in Mississippi. Men have oppressed us, and like most oppressors, they hate the oppressed and fear their wrath. Watch a white man walking in Harlem and you will see what I mean. Look at the face of a man who has accidentally wandered into a lesbian bar.

Men fear lesbians because they are less dependent, and because their hostility is less controlled.

Straight women fear lesbians because of the lesbian inside them, because we represent an alternative. They fear us for the same reasons that uptight middle class people fear hip people. They are angry at us because we have a way out that they are afraid to take.

And what happens to the lesbian under all this pressure? Many of my sisters, confused by the barrage of anti-gay propaganda, have spent years begging to be allowed to live. They have come begging because they believed they were psychic cripples, and that other people were healthy and had the moral right to judge them. Many have lived in silence, burying themselves in their careers, like name-changing Jews and blacks who passed for white. Many have retreated into an apolitical domesticity, concerning themselves only with the attempt to maintain a love relationship in a society which attempts to destroy love and replace it with consumer goods — flowers, mouthwashes, diamond rings, automobiles — and which attempts to completely destroy any form of love outside the monogamous marriage.

This, by the way, is an important point for all kinds of revolutionaries. If you love your brother, you are less willing to stand by and watch him get crushed under the relentless pressures of the rat race, of the doctor bills and the furniture bills. If you love your brother, you won't try to swindle him. Restricting love to the immediate family group isolates each family from the community — each ethnic group from the others — and makes all these isolated frightened people more willing to settle for fancy furniture on the installment plan, for grudgingly bestowed respectability, because they can't get the real thing, real love.

To return to the lesbian — because *lesbian* has become such a vile epithet, we have been afraid to fight openly. We can lose our jobs — we have fewer civil rights than any other minority group. Because we have few family ties and no children, for the most part, we have been active in many causes — but always in secret, because our name contaminates any cause that we work for.

To the radical lesbian, I say that we can no longer afford to fight for everyone else's cause while ignoring our own. Ours is a life style born out of a sick society so is everyone else's. Our kind of love is as valid as anyone else's. The revolution must be fought for us, too, as well as blacks, Indians, welfare mothers, grape pickers, SDS people, Puerto Ricans, or mine workers. We must have a revolution for human rights.

Maybe after the revolution, people will be able to love each other regardless of skin color, ethnic origin, occupation, or type of genitals. But if that's going to happen, it will only happen because we make it — starting right now.

Martha Shelley

a gay m

San Francisco is a refugee camp for homosexuals. We have fled here from every part of the nation, and like refugees elsewhere, we came not because it is so great here, but because it was so bad there. By the tens of thousands, we fled small towns where to be ourselves would endanger our jobs and any hope of a decent life; we have fled from blackmailing cops, from families who disowned or 'tolerated' us; we have been drummed out of the armed services, thrown out of schools, fired from jobs, beaten by punks and policemen.

And we have formed a ghetto, out of self-protection. It is a ghetto rather than a free territory because it is still theirs. Straight cops patrol us, straight legislators govern us, straight employers keep us in line, straight money exploits us. We have pretended everything is OK, because we haven't been able to see how to change it -- we've been afraid.

In the past year there has been an awakening of gay liberation ideas and energy. How it began we don't know; maybe we were inspired by black people and their freedom movement; we learned how to stop pretending from the hip revolution. Amerika in all its ugliness has surfaced with the war and our national leaders. And we are revulsed by the quality of our ghetto life.

Where once there was frustration, alienation, and cynicism, there are new characteristics among us. We are full of love for each other and are showing it; we are full of anger at what has been done to us. And as we recall all the self-censorship and repression for so many years, a reservoir of tears pours out of our eyes. And we are euphoric, high, with the initial flourish of a movement.

We want to make ourselves clear: our first job is to free ourselves; that means clearing our heads of the garbage that's been poured into them. This article is an attempt at raising a number of issues, and presenting some ideas to replace the old ones. It is primarily for ourselves, a starting point of discussion. If straight people of good will find it useful in understanding what liberation is about, so much the better.

It should also be clear that these are the views of one person, and are determined not only by my homosexuality, but by my being white, male, middle class. It is my individual consciousness. Our group consciousness will evolve as we get ourselves together -- we are only at the beginning.

I. ON ORIENTATION

1. *What homosexuality is:* Nature leaves undefined the object of sexual desire. The gender of that object is imposed socially. Humans originally made homosexuality taboo because they needed every bit of energy to produce and raise children: survival of species was a priority. With overpopulation and technological change, that taboo continued only to exploit us and enslave us.

As kids we refused to capitulate to demands that we ignore our feelings toward each other. Somewhere we found the strength to resist being indoctrinated, and we should count that among our assets. We have to realize that our loving each other is a good thing, not an unfortunate thing, and that we have a lot to teach straights about sex, love, strength, and resistance.

Homosexuality is *not* a lot of things. It is not a makeshift in the absence of the opposite sex; it is not hatred or rejection of the opposite sex; it is not genetic; it is not the result of broken homes except inasmuch as we could see the sham of American marriage. *Homosexuality is the capacity to love someone of the same sex.*

2. *Bisexuality:* Bisexuality is good; it is the capacity to love people of either sex. The reason so few of us are bisexual is because society made such a big stink about homosexuality that we got forced into seeing ourselves as either straight or non-straight. Also, many gays got turned off to the ways men are supposed to act with women and vice-versa, which is pretty fucked-up. Gays will begin to turn on to women when 1) it's something that we do because we want to, and not because we should, and 2) when women's liberation changes the nature of heterosexual relationships.

We continue to call ourselves homosexual, not bisexual, even if we do make it with the opposite sex also, because saying "Oh, I'm Bi" is a cop-out for a gay. We get told it's OK to sleep with guys as long as we sleep with women, too, and that's still putting homosexuality down. We'll be gay until everyone has forgotten that it's an issue. Then we'll begin to be complete.

3. *Heterosexuality:* Exclusive heterosexuality is fucked up. It reflects a fear of people of the same sex, it's anti-homosexual, and it is fraught with frustration. Heterosexual sex is fucked up, too; ask women's liberation about what straight guys are like in bed. Sex is aggression for the male chauvinist; sex is obligation for the traditional woman. And among the young, the modern, the hip, it's only a subtle version of the same. For us to become heterosexual in the sense that our straight brothers and sisters are is not a cure, it is a disease.

II. ON WOMEN

1. *Lesbianism:* It's been a male-dominated society for too long, and that has warped both men and women. So gay women are going to see things differently from gay men; they are going to feel put down as women, too. Their liberation is tied up with both gay liberation and women's liberation.

This paper speaks from the gay male viewpoint. And although some of the ideas in it may be equally relevant to gay women, it would be arrogant to presume this to be a manifesto for lesbians.

We look forward to the emergence of a lesbian liberation voice. The existence of a lesbian caucus within the New York Gay Liberation Front has been very helpful in challenging male chauvinism among gay guys, and anti-gay feelings among women's lib.

2. *Male chauvinism:* All men are infected with male chauvinism -- we were brought up that way. It means we assume that women play subordinate roles and are less human than ourselves. (At an early gay liberation meeting one guy said, "Why don't we invite women's liberation -- they can bring sandwiches and coffee.") It is no wonder that so few gay women have become active in our groups.

Male chauvinism, however, is not central to us. We can junk it much more easily than straight men can. For we understand oppression. We have largely opted out of a system which oppresses women daily -- our egos are not built on putting women down and having them build us up. Also, living in a mostly male world we have become used to playing different roles, doing our own shit-work. And finally, we have a common enemy: the big male chauvinists are also the big anti-gays.

But we need to purge male chauvinism, both in behavior and in thought among us. Chick equals nigger equals queer. Think it over.

3. *Women's liberation:* They are assuming their equality and dignity. The roles, the exploitation of minorities by capitalism, the armaments race, the war, the nuclear threat, they are our sisters in struggle.

Problems and differences will become clearer when we begin to work together. We must come to know and understand each other's style, just as we must understand our own.

III. ON ROLES

1. *Mimicry of straight society:* We are children of straight society. One of the worst of straight concepts is inequality. Straight (also called heterosexist) concepts are in terms of order and comparison. A is before B, B is after A; one is before the other. This idea gets extended to male/female, on top/on bottom, spouse/partner, white/black and rich/poor. Our social institutions cause and reflect these inequalities.

We've lived in these institutions all our lives. Naturally we must learn to protect ourselves -- a survival mechanism. Now we are becoming free of the institutions which have imprisoned us.

"Stop mimicking straights, stop censoring ourselves."

2. *Marriage:* Marriage is a prime example of a straight institution. It is a ten, oppressive institution. Those of us who have been in heterosexual marriage have broken up. No. They broke up because marriage is a place impossible demands on both people. And we had the strength to demand of us.

Gay people must stop gauging their self respect by how well they fit into the same problems as straight ones except in burlesque. For the same problems are absent, e.g. kids, what parents think, what neighbors think.

To accept that happiness comes through finding a groovy spouse is just the same as you" is avoiding the real issues, and is an expression of fear.

3. *Alternatives to marriage:* People want to get married for lots of reasons: security, needs or desires. We're all looking for security, a flow of love, and a sense of purpose.

These needs can be met through a number of social relationships. The most common from are: 1. exclusiveness, property attitudes toward each other, about the future, which we have no right to make and which prevent us from being flexible roles, roles which do not reflect us at the moment but which are equalitarian relationships.

We have to define for ourselves a new pluralistic, rolefree social structure. We need a new social and physical space for people to live alone, live together for a while, live in larger numbers; and the ability to flow easily from one of these spaces to another.

Liberation for gay people is defining for ourselves how and why we live, in comparison to straight ones, with straight values.

4. *Gay 'stereotypes':* The straights' image of the gay world is defined by roles. There is a tendency among 'homophile' groups to deplore the role of the closet queen. As liberated gays, we must take a clear stand. 1. Gays who stand up for their rights withstood disapproval before the rest of us did. 2. If they have a role to play, they must indict, not the queen.

5. *Closet queens:* This phase is becoming analogous to 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'. To be straight socially, is probably the most harmful pattern of behavior. To be closeted secretly; the guy who will go to bed once but who won't do it in front of school who changes the gender of the friend he's talking about; the guy who goes to bed.

If we are liberated we are open with our sexuality. Closet queens are not.

But: in saying come out, we have to have our heads clear about the consequences. 1) the fear of being outed; 2) the fear of loss of family ties, loss of job, loss of straight friends--these are all real. Each of us must make the steps toward openness at our own speed. The liberation of freedom: it has to be built solidly. 3) "Closet queen" is a self-hatred, lack of strength, and habit. We are all closet queens in some way. We were 'flagrant' at the age of seven! We must afford our brothers and sisters the same. And while their closet queenery is part of our oppression, it's more of our own.

IV. ON O

It is important to catalog and understand the different facets of oppression. There are degrees of oppression. A lot of 'movement' types come on with a lot of talk about blacks or Vietnamese or workers or women. We don't have to feel oppressed, they act on that feeling. We feel oppressed by the system of imperialism over and above gay liberation is just anti-gay propaganda.

1. *Physical attacks:* We are attacked, beaten, castrated and left dead. We are unsolved slayings in San Francisco parks in the last few years. "Put someone under them socially, feel encouraged to beat up on "queens" and "fags" lynching.

Cops in most cities have harassed our meeting places: bars and clubs. In Berkeley a brother was slain by a cop in April when he tried to split up a fight. A cop. Cities set up 'pervert' registration, which if

All use subject to <https://about.jstor.org/terms>

commit!!

Gay Lib should be understood for what it is. First, it is NOT an "organization" it is a movement. There cannot be members and non-members -- let's get that out of our heads. The condition of the homosexual in society does exist, it is our problem and with or without these meetings and actions Gay Liberation goes on. What we're trying to do is get ourselves together to create the changes that have been too long coming. Obviously, some kind of "organization" is needed, that is, coordination, so that we will not simply be talking, but doing. So, the "structure" everyone is up tight about IS NOT AN ORGANIZATION OF ALL INTERESTED HOMOSEXUALS. Gay Liberation includes all homosexuals because all of us are victimized by this society -- as a result, all of its activities are for all homosexuals, whether they attend meetings or not. Just as all oppressed poor people are "members" of the northside Poor Peoples Coalition. The structure will come in, not when we elect a chairman or devise a constitution or agree to run the meetings by some particular formula - Quaker forum or otherwise - but when enough of us understand our problem, COMMIT ourselves to doing something about it and then focus in on possible actions or solutions that we believe in. So, one person who is himself "liberated" and wants to shout from the rooftops that "Gay is beautiful!" can do so if he likes. Whether or not a hundred of us join him in doing it will depend on how urgently those hundred feel the need to do so, and agree on its effectiveness.

We should not confuse our open meetings then with other organization meetings that we are used to. They are opportunities for all of us to get together -- to rap, to exchange ideas and information, to learn of forthcoming programs and actions and to begin liberating ourselves by sharing with others. Until some gay messiah shows up, leadership will have to develop as a shared thing. Those who feel the urgency most, who are most committed to changing the evils, will find themselves trusted with the responsibility to set up programs and actions which hopefully will deserve the wave of support needed to move ahead. We should build among us the understanding, then the commitment and sense of urgency which is essential to any kind of success.

This doesn't mean that for now we do nothing. On the contrary, there are things we can agree on now, so we go ahead now. Officer Manley is a pig and a threat to all of us, so get him up against the wall where he belongs! There should be no problem finding among us the one or two, or whatever it takes, to plaster his picture all over Chicago and to expose him for the deviate that he is. Why hasn't it been done then? Not because we lack the volunteers or because we lack the structure, but probably because we seem to be more interested in meetings and talk than action. That's the way it is with many of our present programs or actions. What good will it do to proclaim Gay Liberation Day, if none of us are sufficiently committed to saying, "enough oppression! This thing is going to change!"

Those of us who feel a commitment, get behind the actions. Lets get OURSELVES together. Lets talk about this world out here and build on an understanding of why and how we are needed now to do these things. If we do so, we'll soon begin to see the structure and leadership emerge. If we don't we can't expect either consensus on actions or trust in those of us who want to do something.

Tear into the ideas expressed by this statement of purposes and keep doing this until we all believe in it. While we can all begin to reap the benefits of the movement, we should soon learn that what we're doing is not for ourselves only, but primarily to help insure that all of our brothers, gay and otherwise, can get a crack at a better life.

The Chicago Gay Liberation Movement dedicates this special supplement to our gay brothers and sisters and to all those other oppressed peoples who struggle for their human rights. Let us all join together.

This supplement is an expression of the specific problems of the homosexual community.

We seek to inform those whose ignorance and resulting prejudice has oppressed us.

We call out to our gay brothers and sisters to liberate themselves from their personal closets and to join the movement.

Chicago Gay Liberation thanks the Chicago Seed for expressing its solidarity with our struggle.

Duck and the Dragon Killer

There's only one thing in the world more boring than a Doublemint Gum commercial - trying to explain to a guy that I'm gay, and I really don't want to fuck him. Starting with the first suggestion right down to the last little sigh of resignation the scene runs exactly according to script.

"Listen, I don't do guys. I prefer women."

"You mean you're queer?"

"The word is Lesbian. Yeah."

Pause. "Hmmm. I guess that's okay." Brief look of puzzlement fading to aggressive confidence. "But have you ever had a man?"

"Yeah. Sure."

"Oh." Pause. "Well, probably some guy once gave you a hard time." Aggressive confidence fades to strategic sympathy and the enlightenment of realizing the only possible reason for a woman to reject King Phallus. "Listen, that's really too bad because I can see that you're sensitive, y'know, like, I know you want to be treated right, but just because one guy once fucked you around, you shouldn't turn against men. You should give me a chance to show you how good a man could be to you. I mean, not all men just wanna, uh, jump on and go for a ride. Like, uh, I would make sure you get your pleasure before I even start to take mine."

"I appreciate your offer, but I'm not interested. Do you know how often I go through this rap with somebody? And it's always the same, almost word for word. So far, you're right on schedule."

"Oh yeah? Did you ever take any of them up?"

"Perfect. Next line."

"You didn't answer my question."

"I don't have to. If I say no, you'll tell me that I should try a real man sometime (presumably you) and see if I don't change my mind. And if I say yes, then it'll either be something like, if I can do it once, I can do it twice (presumably with you), or, well obviously if I've had a man and I still prefer women, then he must not have been very good, and I should try again (presumably with you) and we'll still be at the same place" Pause. I count his teeth. "Did it ever occur to you that I might like women because I like women, not because I dislike men?"

No, of course not, and it still doesn't. "But how can a woman satisfy another woman?"

Bitchy coy, "What do you mean?"

"Well, uh, what can two women do, uh, to, uh, y'know, satisfy each other?"

"You mean, how do we fuck? Do you really think that since women don't have prickles that we can't please each other?"

Sputter. Stammer. I go on.

"There's only three things that you can do and I can't. One: put a prick in someone's cunt; two: put a prick in someone's ass; and three: put a prick in someone's mouth." (My exclusion of armpits and other more minor orifices and crevices is inevitably overlooked) "There's a lot more to fucking than that, baby."

Sputter. Stammer. "But you said you've fucked regular, though, right? Didn't you like it?"

"What regular? What's this regular? You mean heterosexual?" Compliant, apologetic nod. It begins to dawn on him. "Yeah. But I can't say that I liked it or didn't like it. Fucking certain guys was nicer than fucking certain other guys, usually depending on how much I liked the particular guy, if you can possibly understand that. But I don't like to fuck guys that I don't know just to be fucking because I wanted to be treated as a person, not as somebody's little ego trip."

"But not all guys are like that. I can show you..."

"Look!" Anger is met with utter surprise. "You're doing the exact same thing. 'Fuck me so I can prove to you that it's not important to me to fuck you.' Why can't you just accept that I'm not interested in fucking you?"

"But..." I don't, as expected, interrupt, so there is a pause while he figures out what he would have said. "Y'know, we could probably teach each other a lot. I'd like to get together sometime with you and your girlfriend."

And I heave a little sigh of resignation.

In being invited to contribute to this supplement, I felt it was important to do so, important that gay women be recognized and represented in Gay Liberation, and important that our unique problems be explored and explained. But I don't want to write a lengthy article;

rhetoric is only the beginning of action, and I want the beginning to be as short as possible. More time for action. So what comes now are just some brief and incoherent statements that hopefully will raise some question, thought, and criticism. If so, call us. That's what we're all about.

The only perversion that exists is dishonesty. The current social attitude towards homosexuality is that it's a pathological condition. There is no doubt that there are specific neuroses, psychoses, and weird behavior patterns directly related to homosexuality, but this is merely the result of having to lie to and hide from oneself and one's friends about something that is "wrong" for no good reason at all.

There aren't enough gay women in Gay Lib, for a lot of reasons. Probably mostly because Gay Lib, like everything else in Amerika except Cold Power, Virginia Slims, and living girdles, is considered to be for men. While many of the problems of gay women are closely allied to Women's Lib, I think it's important for gay women to become active in Gay Lib. First, because Gay Lib is the best place to work on erasing male chauvinism and creating an atmosphere of sexual equality, and consideration purely as a person. We've achieved it pretty damn well already, and we're really working on it. We (gay women and gay men) don't need to threaten each other. Secondly, as gay women, we've already hassled through a lot of the things that Women's Lib is just now dealing with. I see the aims of Gay Lib and Women's Lib as very similar; we're working together somewhat now, and greater unity will come. But we have to get our individual shits together first.

Another reason that there are so few women in Gay Lib is the fact that, for better or worse, there isn't the sense of community (ghetto) among gay women that there is among gay men, again, for many reasons. There are far less gay women's bars than gay men's bars. Fewer gay women are identifiable on sight than gay men. Many gay women have no one at all with whom they can relate in a homosexual context. In a sense we have it better than gay guys because society merely dismisses us with a casual wave of its limp wrist. We're not angry enough to fight back, and since we're just women anyway, we know we're supposed to just be passive, be docile, sit still, shut up, and take it. But it's time to be angry.

Anyone who has considered herself a Lesbian (this applies equally to guys, but grammatically we shall all be she for a change) for any length of time has had to personally adjust to and accept the idea. In this way she sees herself as liberated. Okay, fine, but that's only a small part of it. Here are some questions that are really important to answer. (Remember that the only perversion is dishonesty.)

Does your family know you're a homosexual? All your friends? Do you have to lie to anyone, or avoid mentioning things, or carefully watch your conversation with any of your important people? If you have to hide from anyone, you're in the closet.

How would you react if a casual acquaintance (or a stranger) came up and said, "Say, I been wondering, are you gay?" Would you have any impulse to lie? More broadly, are you uncomfortable with the subject in any potentially unfavorable or alien situation?

If you were at a party, would you be afraid to ask for a dance with someone that you didn't know was gay? Are you afraid to approach people for reasons sexual or otherwise for fear of being offensive? Don't you think it's about time you stopped hiding?

One more thing. When our group started, many of us were pretty worried about its repercussions. When we first announced public meetings, we were sure that there would be super hassles. There were none. When we were planning a radio broadcast, our paranoid imaginations were sure that now we would receive threatening phone calls, bombs in the mail, and secret agents would pop out of closets and strangle us. Nothing happened. When we planned our first radical action, attending a University dance and dancing with each other, our fears ran from assault to arrest. And of course, none of this happened. Then we planned our own public dance, and we were sure that this time the shit was really going to fly. But it didn't. And on, and on. Our worst dragons are in our heads. That's where the guilt is; that's where the fear is. And ultimately only you can liberate your head. But we can help. It's happening. It works. Don't you think it's about time you stopped hiding?

Michelle Brody
U of Chicago Gay Liberation

GAY IS BEAUTIFUL!

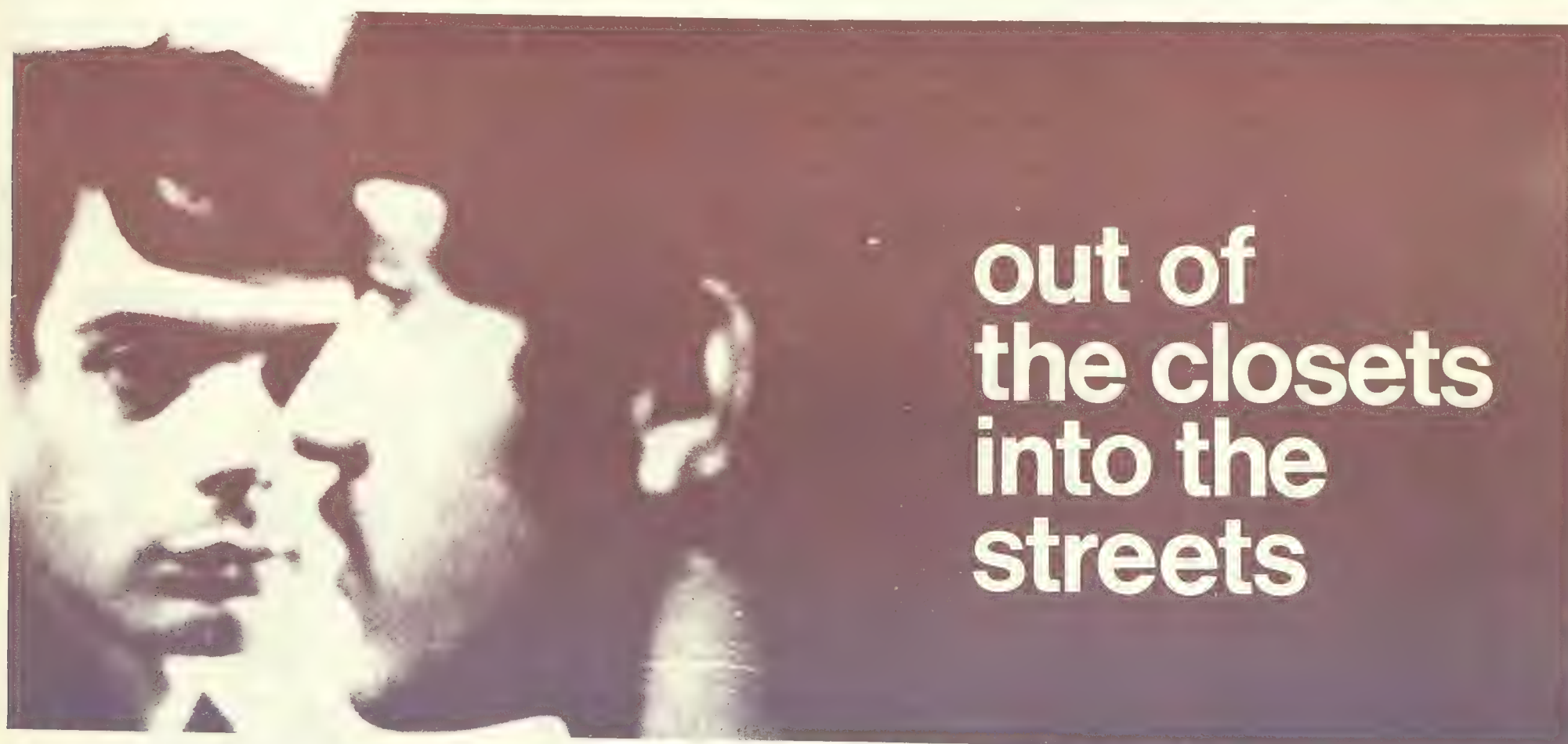
We can't play it straight anymore. We've got to be just what we are. Most homosexuals flee their duty to represent themselves truly to their brothers and sisters. They have found it easier to go underground, to sell their souls to the establishment. One out of every six kids growing up today will feel emotionally and sexually attracted to a person of the same sex. There are more than 10,000,000 exclusive homosexuals in the U.S. today. They didn't have an easy time listening to all the bullshit their parents and friends tried to hand them about homosexuality while their own inner selves were committed to fulfillment by persons of the same sex. If you're gay you're in for a rough time from the straight world. To deny the rightful existence of homosexuality is a perversion of the laws of nature. It is unnatural for people to repress their feelings of love and affection and

ignore their attraction to persons of either sex. The moment you hold back the feelings you have for a member of the same sex you've hurt yourself. There is no person who can understand a homosexual if they have not felt attracted to anyone or have not felt the fulfillment of closeness to another human being or who are afraid of personal attachments. People are capable of being gratified sexually by any person. The whole body digs contact. To limit sexual play to the genitals is turning yourself off. To limit sexual contact to male-female genital play is dumb. People can be sexually stimulated in many ways. The most limiting and not always so fulfilling is male-female genital contact. The time it takes guys to reach orgasm differs from the time it takes females to reach orgasm. Guys like different sexual stimulation than chicks, homosexuality solves this dilemma.

Among its many advantages it takes the worry out of being close. Sex is something everyone digs a lot. Procreation is something we can take only so much of. You should be able to enjoy one without being hung-up by the other.

People put us down for fear of the opposite sex. We put down people for fear of the same sex. If you can relate to any other person in a mutually beneficial way--more power to you. I'm waiting for someone to start eunuch liberation. We don't have personal hang-ups about sex, society wants us to have hang-ups--don't get hung-up--closets are no fun--if you wanna get off the hook, moths have balls--so does gay lib--tits too!*** Come to the next gay lib ball (dance) or any other gala event we've got planned!***

BUTCH! Dan Borroff



out of the closets into the streets

Homosexuals are harassed by police in parks, johns, steam baths, and bars. They must suppress desires to kiss, dance, or even hold hands in public. They must constantly face the possibility of losing their jobs because they are homosexual. Yet they passively accept their fate.

The passivity among homosexuals is a perfect example of how society successfully suffocates legitimate human desires. Feelings toward others are repressed because of social attitudes and secrecy. Even when the homosexual accepts himself, he passively accepts inferior status. This adjustment is so successful that many homosexuals claim that there is no oppression.

"Coming out" into homosexuality is a personal experience lasting anywhere from a few weeks to a few years. There are three basic phases to this process: identifying homosexual feelings in ourselves, accepting the fact that we are "queer," and finally convincing ourselves that we are not really queer at all. This represents the first step out of the closet, i.e., adjusting to our homosexuality.

THE CLOSET DOOR OPENS

Identifying homosexual feelings in ourselves is not very easy. The secrecy concerning homosexuality is society's most effective means of repressing these feelings. When a guy gets turned on by a girl, he knows what the feeling is. He has seen other guys and can identify his feelings with theirs. Models are not available for these same feelings toward another guy. They can only be discussed as "friendship." When homosexuality is discussed, the talk is usually derogatory, e.g., faggot, queer. Homosexuality is never presented openly as a legitimate way of relating to another. ("How can this be me? I'm no queer!") Thus our first identification of this feeling is that it is QUEER. Labeling a feeling this way does a lot to the way we relate to it. The choice is either to deny it or to admit it.

From then on the problem is accepting the fact that we are "queer." This conflict between our feelings and our "straight" view of ourselves can be quite traumatic, especially for those with strong religious convictions. Some people never quite resolve this conflict. Some of these "closet cases" are members of our police force and our government. Many keep their heterosexual self-conceptions by marrying; a homosexual experience now and then while drunk can easily be forgotten, especially when it's in the line of duty.

ONE FOOT IN - ONE FOOT OUT

Convincing ourselves that we are not queer comes about through meeting others like ourselves. The group norm which we accept is "homosexuality is all right, but let's not tell anyone." Society's view of us is wrong, but we cannot change it by ourselves. We might have to risk our jobs or our social esteem, those parts of our self-conception that we value highly. Thus this form of adjustment is a rejection of guilt feelings about being gay, but it is still an acceptance of these guilt feelings when confronting others.

To remain accepted in the system we adopt a split life. There are contradictions between what we are and what we claim to be, but we do not face them. In our straight lives we support a system that rigidly defines proper behavior so as to exclude us. We support the oppression of minority groups threatening to change the status quo. We support a system which emphasizes property and status rather than human feelings. We accept the goal of marriage and reproduction rather than the goal of individual fulfillment. By accepting the heterosexual status quo we have denied our uniqueness and our potential life style as homosexuals.

The contradictions between the two lives are rarely faced because we have developed elaborate strategies for keeping them separate. These strategies range from maintaining a complete heterosexual image to avoiding the issue and letting people think what they will. Keeping a

straight image is done by referring to boyfriends as "she," by dating girls, or even by marrying for convenience. This is a double life with all the associated suspense and fears of exposure.

Avoiding the issue means a complete split between professional and social life. ("It's none of their business what I do in bed.") It means obeying all heterosexual norms in public - don't offend anyone. In both strategies the conflict between the value systems is not faced. We do not confront society as homosexuals; we adjust our lives to the society.

Being part-time homosexuals, we have developed many ways of meeting on a part-time basis. We have elaborate rituals for picking up others at bars or parks. More time is spent "cruising" than talking. We are interested in each other as sexual objects, not as persons. Sex is a less intimate act than talking to each other about our values or aspirations. With the emphasis on physical beauty growing old is feared. Older heterosexuals may be valued members of society; older homosexuals are automatically viewed as "dirty old men."

The real source of our oppression is our own passive adjustment. We have denied the ability to relate to each other as people. Rather than aim our hatred at society for an incomplete life and develop our own life style, we have aimed our hatred at ourselves. Everyone has time for some self pity, but homosexual self pity is becoming legendary. "Show me a happy homosexual and I'll show you a gay corpse" (from *The Boys in the Band*).

INTO THE STREETS

Personal liberation is a surfacing of the feeling "I'm Gay and I'm proud." It is a consciousness of how society blocks us from realizing our potential as homosexuals. We reject the society within us. We do not feel guilt when confronting others as homosexuals. If we offend people, that is their hang-up, not ours. → 20

OUT OF THE CLOSETS ----

Achieving a gay consciousness entails a constant confrontation with the double-life value system. Maintaining jobs and being "law-abiding citizens" conflict with our fight for freedom. This conflict is similar to the one we faced when "coming out." Then we decided to risk our straight lives only enough to get one foot out of the closet. We decided to risk exposure when attending bars, parks, etc. All risks were taken to accommodate the present system. In stepping "Into the Streets," each possible action requires a different level of public exposure. Each time we must re-evaluate our commitment to our jobs, parents, and others. Instead of passively accepting these contradictory commitments, we confront them.

This time we reject the values of the system. Risks of exposure from leafletting, picketing, or attending a mass rally are undertaken for the sake of our future well-being. We would rather be seen standing up for ourselves than sneaking into a closet bar.

GAY LIBERATION

This analysis of how homosexuals come to terms with society has some implications for fighting the oppression. We must emphasize the conflict within the double life: how heterosexual standards limit homosexual expression. We must strive to express ourselves publicly as homosexuals. Good or even bad publicity can only help us. Derogatory references reawaken the conflict between the values of the double life. This conflict of values must be faced by the gay community if we are to have a community.

We must work toward creating a gay consciousness of how society blocks us from realizing our potential as assets, with our own unique life style, by relating the dissatisfaction of homosexuals to the double-life adjustment. We must not let specific issues like the right to dance in public or even in gay bars remain ignored by others.

Finally, we must challenge the secrecy about homosexuality. We might not be able to convince many that we are not queer, but we are going to open up the issue. Homosexual feelings are repressed because there is no positive way of identifying them. Society's attitude is not maintained by logic; it is maintained by whispering and name-calling. Opening these issues may make it possible for human beings to love without fear or guilt.

This analysis of homosexual adjustment suggests that gay liberation will come about only when the gay community actively confronts society. The acceptance of homosexuality by society threatens the basic unit of capitalism, the nuclear family. But just changing systems is not enough as long as homosexuals passively accept inferior status (e.g., Cuba). We can compare our oppression with that of blacks and women, but we must not betray our unique potential as agents for social change.

Our immediate goal is not to overthrow the system but to develop a sense of pride in ourselves and a consciousness of how our potentials are denied by society. Homosexuals are found in every social and economic stratum. We can reach them by emphasizing the contradictory values within their double lives. If the development of Gay pride wrecks capitalism, then "Right on!"

The analysis of homosexual adjustment in this paper has direct implications for developing this sense of pride. We must emphasize the conflict within the double life — heterosexual standards limit homosexual expression. We must strive to express ourselves publicly as homosexuals. Good or bad publicity can only help us to bring the gay community out. Derogatory references reawaken the conflict inherent in the values of the double life.

We must work toward creating a gay consciousness, a realization of suppressed desires and feelings. Adjusting to homosexuality means habitually denying the desires to dance or even to be completely honest with others. We must not allow specific issues like the right to dance in public or even in our own bars to remain ignored. We could focus our efforts on one specific issue — DANCE!

Our activities should include the ability to participate at every level of public exposure. A sense of pride develops by actively confronting society. Each individual must be given the opportunity to reject his passivity. Homosexual feelings are repressed because there is no positive way of identifying them. Society's attitude is not maintained by logic; it's maintained by whispering and name-calling. Providing a strong alternative to "queer" will allow others to join us without having to go through the arduous process of "coming out."

Murray
U of C Gay Lib

← center-fold

1. we shouldn't be apologetic to straights about gays whose sex lives we don't understand or share;
2. it's not particularly a gay issue, except that gay people probably are less hung up about sexual experimentation.
3. let's get perspective: even if we were to get into the game of deciding what's good for someone else, the harm done in these 'perversions' is undoubtedly less dangerous or unhealthy than is tobacco or alcohol.
4. While they can be reflections of neurotic or self-hating patterns, they may also be enactments of spiritual or important phenomena: e.g. sex with animals may be the beginning of interspecies communication: some dolphin-human breakthroughs have been made on the sexual level; e.g. one guy who says he digs shit during sex occasionally says it's not the taste or texture, but a symbol that he's so far into sex that those things no longer bug him: e.g. sado/masochism, when consensual, can be described as a highly artistic endeavor, a ballet the constraints of which are the thresholds of pain and pleasure.

VI. ON OUR GHETTO

We are refugees from Amerika. So we came to the ghetto—and as other ghettos, it has its negative and positive aspects. Refugee camps are better than what preceded them, or people never would have come. But they are still enslaving, if only that we are limited to being ourselves there and only there.

Ghettos breed self-hatred. We stagnate here, accepting the status quo. The status quo is rotten. We are all warped by our oppression, and in the isolation of the ghetto we blame ourselves rather than our oppressors.

Ghettos breed exploitation: Landlords find they can charge exorbitant rents and get away with it, because of the limited area which is safe to live in openly. Mafia control of bars and baths in NYC is only one example of outside money controlling our institutions for their profit. In San Francisco the Tavern Guild favors maintaining the ghetto, for it is through ghetto culture that they make a buck. We crowd their bars not because of their merit but because of the absence of any other social institution. The Guild has refused to let us collect defense funds or pass out gay liberation literature in their bars—need we ask why?

Police or con men who shake down the straight gay in return for not revealing him; the bookstores and movie makers who keep raising prices because they are the only outlet for pornography; heads of 'modeling' agencies and other pimps who exploit both the hustlers and the johns—these are the parasites who flourish in the ghetto.

SAN FRANCISCO—Ghetto or Free Territory: Our ghetto certainly is more beautiful and larger and more diverse than most ghettos, and is certainly freer than the rest of Amerika. That's why we're here. But it isn't ours. Capitalists make money off us, cops patrol us, government tolerates us as long as we shut up, and daily we work for and pay taxes to those who oppress us.

To be a free territory, we must govern ourselves, set up our own institutions, defend ourselves, and use our own energies to improve our lives. The emergence of gay liberation communes, and our own paper is a good start. The talk about a gay liberation coffee shop/dance hall should be acted upon. Rural retreats, political action offices, food cooperatives, a free school, unalienating bars and after hours places—they must be developed if we are to have even the shadow of a free territory.

VII. ON COALITION

Right now the bulk of our work has to be among ourselves—self educating, fending off attacks, and building free territory. Thus basically we have to have a gay/straight vision of the world until the oppression of gays is ended.

But not every straight is our enemy. Many of us have mixed identities, and have ties with other liberation movements: women, blacks, other minority groups; we may also have taken on an identity which is vital to us; ecology, dope, ideology. And face it: we can't change Amerika alone:

Who do we look to for coalition?

1. **Women's Liberation:** summarizing earlier statements, 1) they are our closest ally; we must try hard to get together with them; 2) a lesbian caucus is probably the best way to attack gay guys' male chauvinism, and challenge the straightness of women's liberation; 3) as males we must be sensitive to their developing identities as women, and respect that; if we know what our freedom is about, they certainly know what's best for them.
2. **Black Liberation:** This is tenuous right now because of the uptightness and supermasculinity of many black men (which is understandable). Despite that, we must support their movement, particularly when they are under attack from the establishment; we must show them that we mean business; and we must figure out which our common enemies are: police, city hall, capitalism.
3. **Chicanos:** Basically the same problem as with blacks: trying to overcome mutual animosity and fear, and finding ways to support them. The extra problem of super up-tightness and machismo among Latin cultures, and the traditional pattern of Mexicans beating up "queers," can be overcome: we're both oppressed, and by the same people at the top.
4. **White radicals and ideologues:** We're not, as a group, Marxist or communist. We haven't figured out what kind of political/economic system is good for us as gays. Neither capitalist or socialist countries have treated us as anything other than *non grata* so far.

But we know we are radical, in that we know the system that we're under now is a direct source of oppression, and it's not a question of getting our share of the pie. The pie is rotten.

We can look forward to coalition and mutual support with radical groups if they are able to transcend their anti-gay and male chauvinist patterns. We support radical and militant demands when they arise, e.g. Moratorium, People's Park; but only as a group; we can't compromise or soft-peddle our gay identity.

Problems: because radicals are doing somebody else's thing, they tend to avoid issues which affect them directly, and see us as jeopardizing their 'work' with other groups (workers, blacks). Some years ago a dignitary of SDS on a community organization project announced at an initial staff meeting that there would be no homosexuality (or dope) on the project. And recently in New York, a movement group which had a coffee-house get-together after a political rally told the gays to leave when they started dancing together. (It's interesting to note that in this case, the only two groups which supported us were Women's Liberation and the Crazies.)

Perhaps most fruitful would be to broach with radicals their stifled homosexuality and the issues which arise from challenging sexual roles.

5. **Hip and street people:** A major dynamic of rising gay lib sentiment is the hip revolution within the gay community. Emphasis on love, dropping out, being honest, expressing yourself through hair and clothes, and smoking dope are all attributes of this. The gays who are the least vulnerable to attack by the establishment have been the freest to express themselves on gay liberation.

We can make a direct appeal to young people, who are not so up tight about homosexuality. One kid, after having his first sex with a male, said "I don't know what all the fuss is about, making it with a girl just isn't that different."

The hip/street culture has led people into a lot of freeing activities: encounter/sensitivity, the quest for reality, freeing territory for the people, ecological consciousness, communes. These are real points of agreement and probably will make it easier for them to get their heads straight about homosexuality, too.

6. **Homophile groups:** 1) reformist or pokey as they sometimes are, they are our brothers. They'll grow as we have grown and grow. Do not attack them in straight or mixed company. 2) ignore their attack on us. 3) cooperate where cooperation is possible without essential compromise of our identity.

CONCLUSION: AN OUTLINE OF IMPERATIVES FOR GAY LIBERATION

1. Free ourselves: come out everywhere; initiate self defense and political activity; initiate counter community institutions.
2. Turn other gay people on: talk all the time; understand, forgive, accept.
3. Free the homosexual in everyone: we'll be getting a good bit of shit from threatened latents: be gentle, and keep talking & acting free.
4. We've been playing an act for a long time, so we're consummate actors. Now we can begin to be, and it'll be a good show!

CARL WITTMAN

Man, there aint words for some of the heavy things you feel. Like the fresh air that cools your mind when you leave the straight world for a while. Or the yellow smell of a house you remember as a child. Or the honest hang of good clothes when they get used to your body.

That last part there...we make that kind of clothes, and we do have a name for them...Landlubber.

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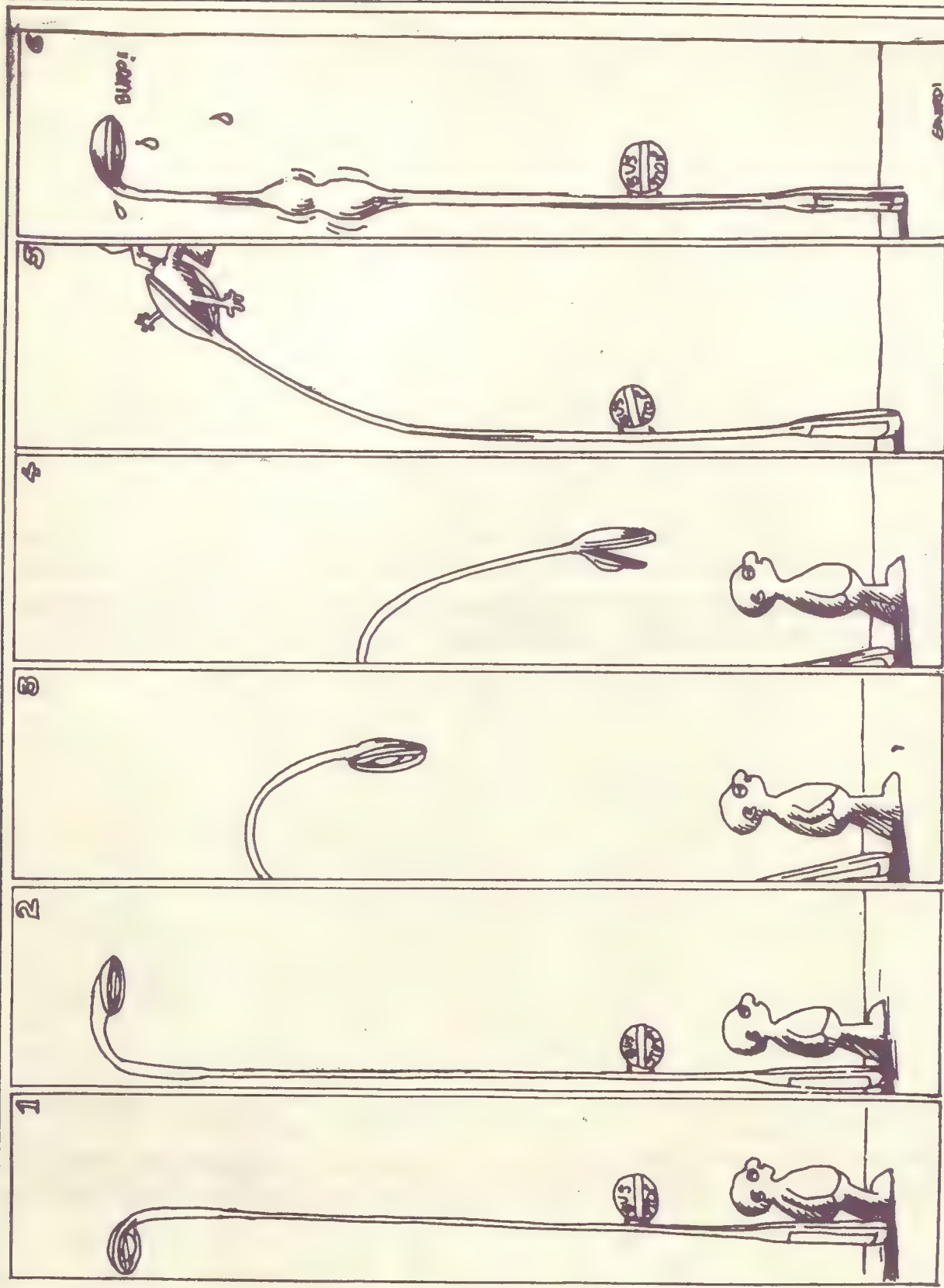
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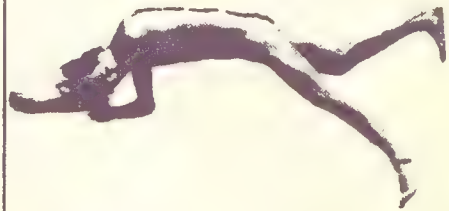
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LAST YEAR AT THE MOVIES...

1969 was a vintage year in the movie underground. Established film artists who have released very few films came up with commendable additions to their oeuvre. Distribution is so erratic that some of the most promising new titles have yet to be screened in Chicago. While the dailies publish ten best lists of feature films, we on The Seed would prefer to recommend ten new underground titles that are worth anyone's attention. I won't say these are "the best" because several hundred (maybe a thousand) new, personal films were made last year and I only saw 50 to 75 of them. Maybe the masterpiece of 1969 is still to be discovered.

THE SEED'S TEN

Kenneth Anger, "*Invocation of My Demon Brother*"
Scott Bartlett, "*Moon 69*"
Robert Breer, "*69*"
Bruce Conner, "*Permian Strata*"
Ed Emshwiller, "*Image, Flesh and Voice*"
Red Grooms, "*Tappy Toes*"
John Heinz, "*Hotel for Men*"
Will Hindle, "*Watersmith*"
George Kuchar, "*The Mammal Palace*"
Michael Snow, "*←→*"

Kenneth Anger had only four completed films in distribution (he has made a few more which are not distributed) to represent his career since 1947. In 1967 his original footage for a work in progress, "*Lucifer Rising*" was stolen and Anger announced his "death" as a filmmaker. Happily in 1969 he was resurrected with the release of "*Invocation of My Demon Brother*." The movie is a mysteriously penetrating work that is marred by a facetious coda which allows me to describe it as—Scorpio meets Rosemary in the Pleasure Dome. Anger himself stars as the Magus officiating at a Black Mass. A frenzied series of occult images and strange events takes place to the drone of a Moog composition by Mick Jagger. If it weren't for that ending, I'd call it a deadly serious work.

In "*Moon 69*" Scott Bartlett takes his audience on a radiant trip through the landscape of inner space. The film effectively alters some of the footage from Bartlett's previous astrology-oriented missfire, "*A Trip to the Moon*." The effects are mainly achieved through electronic distortions. "*Moon 69*" is made with much more restraint than the capricious virtuosity exhibited in "*Off/On*."

Robert Breer constructs minimal sculpture and minimal cinema. He once complained that the only thing wrong with movies is that they move. Yet, he makes his sculpture "floats" so that they slowly creep across the floor. Breer's "*69*" is an elegant classic in the minimalist tradition. Practically all of his films are animated drawings of loose construction and humorous content. "*69*" is tightly drawn, ascetically controlled and geometrically perfect. The technical feat alone made me wonder whether he had acquired the use of a computer. No, Breer achieved the hypnotic precision of "*69*" on a series of hand-rendered cards, he didn't even use transparent cells.

DO IT!

by Jerry Rubin, Introduction by Eldridge Cleaver. Designed by Quentin Fiore, (Simon & Schuster, \$2.45). DO IT! is done. As Abbie Hoffman recognized about his and underground writer Marvin Garson's books, the memoirs have been collected, written and disseminated. It's all over. In the flash of the over-media'd America of the late '70's, the trivia game question across the continent will be—"Jerry Who?"

How long ago the Free Speech Movement was! Why, Rubin even ran for Mayor of Berkeley way back then. It's like a course in Alternate Culture History (History 105, while Classics 110 studies the work of Henry Miller). The Berkeley chapters are especially interesting, class, when read with Tom Wolfe's *Electric Kool Aid Acid Test*. Rubin chats about the Berkeley politicians while Wolfe chronicles Ken Kesey's crazies and flower children across the Bay. But, be warned, Jerry's no Wolfe—not as articulate, not as insightful, not as broadly perceptive.

Jerry, let me rap to you a minute, even as "memoirs" the book doesn't work.

Diatribes.

Desperate reachings.

A lack of humor while describing some very funny moments.

(I watched you for an hour on the Dick Cavett Show a few weeks ago. You were so uptight, Jerry! So much ranting and raving in such a low-key setting, so much monitor-gazing, so self-concerned and humorless that you missed one of the funniest dope jokes of the time:

Rubin: "Well, you smoke pot, don't you, Dick?"
Cavett: "Yes, but I don't inhale.")

And Jer, I think you actually believe the Yippie Myth now. At least that's what you say in this 1970 book. Well, there are no Yippies.

THERE ARE NO YIPPIES.

There never were any Yippies.

The end of the Festival of Life was the end of the Youth International Party that never was.

We don't need myth anymore. Relating the reality is mythical enough. That's why there's no longer any comedians who can make us laugh. Satire is dead in the face of Spiro, Mitchell, Nixon, the Red Squad, Daley, Magoo, Foran and all the other sick comedians of our day. Lenny Bruce and Malcolm X are dead.

A suggestion, Jerry. Don't look back. Forget what history professors will rap about you. It's time to move on to a higher level. A level of less ego, more introspection, less theatrics, more work, more tearing down and more building up.

If you're going to write again, report the phenomena straight on. Be a hack journalist and describe what's happening around and within you—just as Kafka and Beckett once did.

Marshall Rosenthal

ZABRISKIE POINT REVISITED

Zabriskie Point is a film about racism, male chauvinism & capitalism. Antonioni shows us who the enemy is (Yes, Eliot, Big Businessmen) for what reason (profit) and what they think of people (nothing, they're like department store mannequins. All they do is produce profits). The main characters are young & seemingly hip. At least hip enough that they don't seem to care about material things. He sees a black man killed in a student strike in support of Black Studies; the cop who did it is shot and he has a gun, so the pigs look for him. The woman starts as a pretty young thing who works as a secretary when she needs to and flirts with the president of the company to get something she wants (Antonioni

AN EVENING WITH GILDA GUILT THE BOYS IN THE BAND

In light of what Gay Lib is all about, I should tear THE BOYS IN THE BAND to pieces, using language and hostility that would make Mart Crowley blush. But I can't. I liked the movie. It's really good. Depressing, yes, but only because it is an uncannily accurate reproduction of a specific social milieu. The viewer should bear in mind what Crowley (who wrote and produced the film from his stage play) says: "I'm sure there are happy homosexuals; they just aren't at this party." That's an understatement; watching this story of eight men at a gay birthday party is like watching a floor show of flagellant monks (nuns?) in top form. As one of the characters says, "Guilt turns to hostility," and the result is a display of vitriolic (and alcoholic) pyrotechnics that left me shaken by and afraid of the human capacity to hurt. I know people like the boys in the band (the fact that I recognized these characters is a testament to the truthfulness of the acting and the production in general), and they are not necessarily old, ugly, or out of it. What they all are victims of a particularly vicious circle of recrimination and repression, which fosters guilt, which fosters self-hate, which seeks recrimination and repression. The result is social and personal castration. At one point in the film, a straight friend of the host arrives uninvited; there is an embarrassed silence. The men have nothing to say to each other. It's sad.

The sad thing about the film is that it has nothing to say, either. It is restricted by the superficiality of the relationships between its characters (who have only homosexuality in common. WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?, which is uncomfortably similar to BOYS IN THE BAND in that Crowley develops his dramatic action as if he were following a treasure map devised by Edward Albee, explored its characters and their relationships in great depth, and came up with a number of rewarding and interesting insights. Crowley's script is able to study its characters only in terms of the factual information that is divulged.

On the other hand, the heavy reliance on facts has its own rewards. This is definitely a case of style overcoming lack of content. Crowley has poured a great deal of effort and ingenuity into detailed actions and setting. He has also rooted his characters firmly in a materialistic environment, which makes them more immediately recognizable than, say, George and Martha. This is challenging to the actor, particularly when he has so little

fades out the sound on this and flashes a huge billboard that shows a side of beef and says quality fresh meat).

Zabriskie Point is not a film that says what to do about any of this, Frank Bardacke does say at the beginning of the film "We must resolutely struggle against bourgeois individualism" but no one says or shows why. It shows only one instance of mass action, the student strike, which doesn't have any end in the film. All the other real actions are individual. He, Mark Frechette, steals a plane to run from the pigs; she, Daria Halprin, goes to meditate in the desert. He decides to return the plane and gets killed; she goes on about her drive to Phoenix, realizes when she gets there what her role is and leaves.

But that is just the skeleton of the film. Every billboard, street sign, comment is part of the whole. The music is used the same way; John Fahey's "Dance of Death" is heard over the radio just after Daria has heard of Mark's death, she hears the Stones doing "You've Got The Silver" ("It'll only buy you some time") as he flies the plane back and she's driving to meet the president of the big company at his desert house. Nothing happens by accident; when Daria stops in the desert to meditate at a friend's house about a dozen 10 and 12 year old boys start to sexually attack her — which shows the way men learn to think of women and at what age. Daria is a beautiful woman, but through most of the film she wears an ugly khaki dress that makes her legs look skinny and her shoulders look enormous. Only in the love scene, when she wears no clothes, is she allowed to look beautiful.

The dialogue in the film is clichés, granted. But then.... How do you talk? Are you always looking for a new way to say things? It just sort of seemed to be the way people talk. No one tries to be profound all the time. The best illustration of that is when they (Daria and Mark) are looking for a place to get gas for the plane and stop at a road sign that describes Zabriskie Point: They just stop; no talk. They get out of the car and walk around. They try to talk but don't know each other. Eventually, after they play in the desert (unreal, it's too hot, I know 'cause I've been there) and she smokes a joint (he says no because he's on a reality trip), they talk and make love.

And that love scene is one of the sexiest, longest, most exuberant sex scenes ever on film. There are men together, two men and a woman, two women and a man, two couples and I think there was one group of five. As the scene begins, there are Daria and Mark and one couple; soon there are a few more, then more, until the whole desert is filled with sand covered couples, in all sorts of positions. But the scene is wrong for the film. Compared to the sparseness, the pointed directness of the rest of the film, this one is lavish, nearly lascivious. By its lavishness, its length, it seems to be saying that there is a sexual liberation while there still is male chauvinism. The rest of the film denies that. (Besides, the scene made me uncomfortable, but then, I might be a prude — and it made me horny and there's no time in the film to do anything about that).

The final scene shows Daria standing on the road a ways from the Phoenix house and seeing it, in her mind, explode time after time. It and everything in it are demolished. She has seen what has to be done — not because of anything Mark said or did but because the man she came to be with — the company president of the first scene — is clearly a pig. When she gets to the house

Bruce Conner's ironic wit again rises to the surface in "Permian Strata." He has long been a specialist in giving birth to new species by marrying disparate elements. This time he mated the liturgy of Bob Dylan to a fossil of the Pisean Age in a delightful pun.

"Image, Flesh and Voice" has been screened only in New York, London and Cannes. It is Ed Emshwiller's first feature-length film and can be safely recommended on the artist's reputation alone. He says it "gives an inner portrait of men and women candidly revealing their relationships. It is a non-story-telling film, a structural interplay of sounds, images and sensual tensions." Chicagoans can hope to see it at the Museum of Contemporary Art later this year.

"Tappy Toes" takes place in, around and on Red Grooms' construction, "Chicago." I like it more for background than action--the robust sculpture endures--the overlaid homage to Busby Berkeley intrudes on Grooms' ville. The edited film was seen on only one night at the Arts Club with a live orchestra. As yet a sound print does not exist.

"Hotel for Men" looks to me like a whorehouse with patrons who don't want to be recognized. The voyeuristic tone makes me want to call the maker "Peeping" John Heinz. He's a Chicagoan who started making and showing underground movies before they were even known by that name. His knowledge of film history and love of the medium are evident in every frame of the picture. His wit extends from animating Muybridge studies to playing erotic jokes on subjects of famous paintings. This is the most successful home-grown product that I've seen this past year. John says he wanted to show that America is one big whorehouse.

Will Hindle took a half step back into the documentary genre when he made "Watersmith." It's a poetic report of the rigorous training Olympic swimmers undergo. The flirtatious reflections and sensual textures of the water make her the star of the film and the seductress of the swimmers. This feminizing is related to the treatment of the voluptuous California hills in Hindle's early film, "Pastorale d'Ete."

"The Mammal Palace" is a cockroach infested Bronx apartment house. The assortment of mammals that dwell there includes an overweight girl who is convinced that someday her prince will come to the rescue. This romance American style was conceived by George Kuchar with the most sensitivity he has shown since "Hold Me While I'm Naked." Excesses found in George's earlier work are absent from "Palace." Much more skillful acting, careful technique and incisive humor are here. This is probably the best of these ten films because it succinctly achieves and communicates its maker's intent. George wins The Seed's Sprout Award for 1969.

The tenth film also has not been screened in Chicago. It doesn't even have a name but is known as "←→." It is made by Michael Snow, the director of "Wavelength"--a 45-minute zoom shot with an ear-piercing sound track that won a \$4,000 prize in Belgium in 1968. "Wavelength" is the epitome of contemplative cinema, and is so very easy to dismiss after the first viewing. I certainly would have never returned to see it for the second and third time if it hadn't been screened with other films that interested me. Now, I look forward to a fourth viewing because what seemed empty is filled with nuance of vision that becomes richer each time it is endured. I say endured because the sound track remains abusive. So, from Snow's new film "←→" I expect visual wealth and list it sight unseen.

CAMILLE

M*A*S*H

at the United Artists Theater

M*A*S*H doesn't really give a D*A*M*N, but it's a very funny movie. Donald Sutherland, Elliott Gould (who is the ex-Mr. Barbra Streisand), and Tom Skerritt are Yippie-like martini-drinking pot-smoking psychosexual-guerrilla-medics stationed four miles from the front line in the 4077th Mobile Army Surgical Hospital. The writing on the screen says "Korea," but the, long hair, pot, and slang spell Vietnam.

This is the most bizarre "war comedy" (you should pardon the expression) yet. Men mangled and torn in battle lie spurring blood on surgical tables as the gore covered medics and nurses romance and tease. The drafted surgeons play golf, holding brightly-striped umbrellas, on a hill behind the front line. A dentist's virility lapses and he goes through homosexual trauma. He is resurrected shortly after the Last Supper. In this era of Prohibition, the company football team passes a joint along the bench.

This is not an anti-war film, though. As Richard Corliss, film critic for the National Review astutely points out in a New York Times essay (March 23), "M*A*S*H's heroes are experts at beating the system. They are 'saving' soldiers' lives because it's their job.... The Surgeon's Manual is not 'The Strawberry Statement' but 'How To Succeed in the Army by Being Really Trying.' And the air they exude is less the crackling atmosphere of an SDS meeting than the stale beer smell of a Sigma Nu frat party. All the sideburns, swish gestures and scatological jive can't conceal their panty-raid sensibilities."

Yet, M*A*S*H, taken on its own terms, is a laughing night at the movies. And as far as the Army and Air Force are concerned it must be doing something right. According to the Army Times, the film has been banned from base showings because it "reflected unfavorably" on the military and would undermine the confidence of soldiers who may need medical treatment in combat.

Marshall Rosenthal

SHORT TAKES

2001: A Space Odyssey

2001 is back, now billed as "the ultimate trip." The opening night audience at the Cinestage was great. No doubt about it, it was the Congregation Dope Culture. I got high looking at the faces.

The film is a mindblower. No description or criticism will be given here...go blow your own mind. And turn on before you go.

Larry Rivers' Drawings
At the Art Institute

On a quieter level, selections from twenty years of Larry Rivers' work can be viewed at the Art Institute. These are sketches and plans for his larger canvasses and assemblages, and bring you closer to his haunting works. The show will run through April 19th--weekdays 10-5, Thursdays 10-8:30, and Sundays and holidays 1-6.

else to go on. In this case, the actors are up to the challenge. This is one of those films which celebrates the art of ensemble acting. (Peter Brook's films of LORD OF THE FLIES, MARAT-SADE, and US, Welles' FALSTAFF, and William Friedkin's films THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S and THE BIRTHDAY PARTY are in this category; Friedkin is the director of BOYS IN THE BAND, although I would say that the author in this case is Crowley.) Quite simply, the acting is brilliant. Each actor (with minor momentary exceptions) maintains a continuity of development that is rare in movies, and the sincerity and energy the men pour into their roles is staggeringly compelling. I was particularly impressed with Peter White as Alan, the straight friend, because the subtleties of this character could easily be lost in the fire and brimstone generated by the rest of the cast. (Also, he's so good-looking.) The other members of this, the original New Yorkcast include Kenneth Nelson as Michael, the host (remember him in THE FANTASTICKS?), Cliff Gorman, Frederick Combs, Keith Prentice, Laurence Luckbill, Reuben Greene, Robert La Tourneau (who does wonders with the simple-minded hustler and is photographed beautifully), and Leonard Frey as Harold, the birthday boy. Harold is by far the showiest part, rooted deeply in the movie-star grandeur of Hepburn, Davis, Crawford, and Swanson. It requires an actor of commanding height and assurance. Frey has what it takes. But it is unfair to single out any individual; the cast is uniformly magnificent beyond description, and they play off each other wonderfully. Of course, they are the men who created the roles; but this is no mere recreation of the stage play. From every standpoint, it is an original and very cinematic piece of work. (For those who saw the stage play in Chicago, there is no comparison between the two casts: both were quite brilliant, and each is quite different.)

Cinematically, the film has some faults, which makes for a spotty quality that is overcome by the acting and the excellence of the film's ending. The opening scene, which is preceded by a photographic introduction of the characters in their various daytime activities (buying clothes at a fashionable store, shooting the bull at a gay bar, photographing sexy girls, cruising 42nd Street, playing basketball at the Y, etc.), has too much action in its staging and its photography. Some of the photography is rather contrived: the climactic repartee between Harold and Michael looks like every cover of every gay novel you've ever seen. Some of the comedy timing is off, although the lines still come across. (The script has been changed somewhat, but for cinematic rather than censorship purposes, although the absence of one bit of dialog is incomprehensible: As Harold starts to leave, he asks the hustler -- one of his presents -- if he's good in bed. The boy answers: "Well, I'm not like the average hustler you'd meet. I try to show a little affection. It keeps me from feeling like such a whore.") But there are some really great moments, too: the scene between Michael and Alan in the bedroom, though devoid of sex, is highly sensual, and the drug scene is one of the best I've seen (every film these days has at least one drug scene). The music is well-used, ranging from Bert Bacharach to Joe Tex and featuring Harper's Bizarre singing "Anything Goes". All in all, this is one of the strongest films you're likely to see; it's a beautiful piece of craftsmanship. See it several times.

(Note: the film is restricted to those over 18, and they check IDs.)

-GUY GRAND-

she is still upset at Mark's death. She wanders around in its phony naturalness, sees a group of women talking by the pool, starts toward them only to hear them talking about clothes and cocktail parties. She avoids them by walking through a fake cave. She goes into the house, only to hear her boss/friend making real estate deals for millions of dollars. He sees her, talks at her, paws at her, tells her to change clothes. She meets an Indian maid her age on her way to her room, leaves, and smashes it all, at least in her head. As she drives away, you know she has realized that she must fight and smash all the pigs that force some women to think about nothingness and others to do the degrading work of cleaning up after others -- so that some, mostly men, profit.

Mark's part of the film is more talked about (the male chauvinism of almost all other reviewers...) so I've left it until now. He is an activist--without ideology, he says (and so he acts). He sees the futility of petitions and the endless, almost pep rally atmosphere of pre-action meetings. Mark responds to an arrest by buying guns (at one store, a salesman tells the men as they're leaving "Remember, if they trespass you have a right to shoot them, so if you get them in the back yard, don't forget to drag them into the house."). When he sees the black man killed, he acts. When he calls home and finds out they're looking for him for killing the pig, he steals a plane. When he and Daria have talked in the desert, they paint the plane (with a great monster face on the nose, slogans on sides and monster boobs on the top of the wings) so that he may be able to sneak it back. But the pigs are waiting. And the pig press is waiting. He never even gets to turn off the motor. And you can't tell the police pig helicopter from the radio pig helicopter. And they work for the folks that makes profits, guarding those profits (there are security guards in the corporate headquarters patrolling it -- they had the same intense, fierce look as the ones that shoot Mark).

Antonioni is going to make money on this film. But he's not going to sell it to television, because television isn't going to be interested. The people who own television stations are the same ones that profit off everything else (Walter Reade, who owns five movie theaters isn't quite in the same league as Frank Stanton, who has headed all of the Columbia Entertainment Enterprises -- CBS Radio, CBS Television, Columbia Records, etc.).

But he's not going to make money on the film in Chicago -- it closed after three weeks at the Esquire (While trashy I Am Curious etc. seems to have been forever at the Playboy). The night we were there the house was only a third full; friends tell us that it never was more than a third full. Insensitive, uptight, liberal (do your thing, but don't interfere with anyone's right to be rich) reviewers didn't help the film -- and the Speed review played the same role as the bourgeois press. Roger Ebert's review was probably the kiss of apathy for the film -- and all he did was display how uptight he is (he mostly discussed the love scene, complaining that Mark and Daria were "wooden" in the beginning and that they acted silly -- who doesn't some times, except guys hung up about image and making it?). Maybe one of the smaller theaters will give reviewers a chance to grow -- and folks to see the film.

Zabriskie Point is a beginning. The enemy is defined. The next step is to define the alliance that will make the revolution, the working people (the Indian maid) and intellectuals (Daria). Then make that alliance. Then Do It.

Anne O'Brien

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6469 Sheridan
664 State
651 State
911 N Rush
2630 N Clark
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1450 N Wells
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6229 N California
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7647 N Paulina
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WHAT'S THAT SPELL ?

fish.

Janis Joplin retreated into the Amazon jungle after being fined \$1000 for telling some cops to fuck off at the Tampa rock festival last year, but Country Joe McDonald hung out long enough after being fined \$50 under a 1783 Massachusetts lewdness statute to make the following statement:

"I would like to explain to you exactly what it is that we are being charged with doing, because people have a tendency to be really tripped out about a specific thing that we do as a regular part of our act, and we have done it for almost two years now. At a certain point in the set, usually towards the end of the show, we do a song which is a protest against the war in Vietnam. It's a very popular song among the underground. Almost everyone in the underground knows the song, and before we do it, we spell a word. We used to spell FISH—we used to say, "Give me an "F"—the audience would say, "F"; we used to say, "Give me an "I"—the audience would say, "I"; [on through "H"]; and then someone would yell, "What does that spell?"—and they would say, "FISH", and then we would play the song, which is called "I Feel Like I'm Fixin' to Die Rag".

"We got tired of spelling fish, and at one point we started spelling out another four-letter word which begins with "F". And the audience seemed to enjoy it even more than saying, "FISH". As a matter of fact, the thing caught on so much that at several performances we would spell "FISH", but the audience would respond with the contested four-letter word, which begins with "F".

"The absurdity of the paranoia of the establishment has been carried so far that right after our last Worcester, Massachusetts date (for which we have been charged with being obscene), we were met in Boston by 1 police captain, 3 lieutenants, 75 uniformed patrolmen equipped with clubs, guns and mace, several police squad cars, 25 plainclothes detectives and a paddy wagon, and we were informed that we couldn't do that thing which we had done in Worcester—but no one would articulate what it was that we had done because I imagine they were just waiting for us to do it again.

"It is really an infringement upon the constitutional rights of the audience to have the police decide what we can and cannot hear, particularly when this is such a very small issue; it is generally the tendency of the establishment to treat young people as if they were second-class citizens—as if they are not capable of making rational decisions which would lead to moral conduct. The kids are finding out that the real obscenities and the real immoral acts are committed by the establishment—the adult community which chooses to manifest its hangups in poisoning the rivers and the oceans, and the food we eat, by smoking themselves into alcoholic stupors and by forcing their own children to go off into a foreign country and murder for them (because they don't have the courage to do it themselves). And then, in the light of all this, they expect—not only expect, but demand—the right to be able to censor what their children do and not do, and hear and see...

"The older generation really has no business being offended by what happens at the concert, they shouldn't be there. Our audience is not offended by what happens—we are not offended—and we never asked the police to be there in the first place..."



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[NOTE: In this article, and the rest of the series to follow it, my basic assumption is that my revolutionary readers already know what to do, and that my principle task is to show them how to do it. That is to say, these articles are not so much political as technical. Besides considering the rest of the material in this newspaper, if any reader doesn't know what to do without my telling him, that can only mean that he can't read, which makes the whole question academic.]

[One more thing: there's a whole class of true & worthy revolutionaries who'll reflexively object to my use of the word 'fun,' and to my idea that *The Revolution is the highest kind of fun.* I understand their feelings. This is a serious business, and we must approach it seriously. I couldn't agree more, but I insist that proper Revolutionary seriousness and my concept of revolutionary fun not only do not contradict each other, they are the same idea expressed in different ways. Let me define fun: anything a Free Man does because he wants to is Fun. The higher, the more profound, the more serious the undertaking, the greater the fun. Even though he'll most likely be killed doing it, even though it involves all & any manner of painful or frightening or unpleasant activities, if a Free Man does it because that's what he wants to do, it's fun, and if he also does it with true revolutionary joy, it's not only fun, it's religion.]

[This is one difference between a Free Man & a slave. A slave does not act, he is acted upon. He does

Traditional organization theory, as followed by even the most radical organizations, is based on a framework of hierarchical structure, chains of command, positional power & control that's totally irrelevant to most of our revolutionaries & to all of our revolution. Structure in terms of linear sequence is more than obsolete in the present technological environment — a thing of synchronicity & circuits — it's virulent, a group pathology, neither functional nor fun: another stomping dinosaur. Who needs it?

The original five Diggers at their prime (and also before & ever since) were completely free of formal structure & quite infallible. They were no kind of organization, however informal, just a handful of good friends doing what they liked. Not until the Digger 'movement' acquired some accidental status & a donated office, not until the '2nd generation' arrived from L.A. & got things organized, not until then did the Digger Thing bog down, and the free food in the park stop, and the Haight Street scene begin to shade off towards ugly, and people on the street grow desperate & hard. This wasn't what brought the Flower Children down, but it helped.

The communication company likewise remained untainted by any leanings toward linear organization that I could sense. Our plans were devised by *The Book of Changes* & revised by anything that could. That we all lived together in the same pad was the extent of our formal structure. Otherwise we came as near to anarchy as

purest & most incoherent motives to begin from, that all decide into monotonies of policy, authority, and/or action for the sake of organization, and/or become infiltrated with infiltration & informers. Neither the Peace & Freedom Party nor the UPS has proved to be immune to these blights, wherefore both have lately grown a bit irrelevant to what's happening. The Underground Press is, most of it, just another business now, and even the Panthers have been infiltrated right unto death.

Instead of any sort of American Revolutionary Party, I propose a casual association of revolutionary gangs, not bothering to coordinate or otherwise inhibit them, in no wise limiting their joyous independence, but caring only to maintain clear communications amongst them. A national urban-guerrilla league, fun-oriented & irresistible.

In our new world borning, we need to redefine 'revolution.' The determining factor should be the social change produced, not the manner of its production. Fuck leaders & uniformity, fuck all orthodoxy & sacred causes more important than people. A gang that playfully corrupts the mayor's teenage son produces more important & enduring changes than the strictly disciplined, grim & earnest assassination squad that gets his father does.

[Let some organized body lay plans to blow the power lines & Slam! you've got a bunch of busts & no lines down. But let a revolutionary gang, on the spur of any moment, decide it's time & would be fun to do those

THE REVOLUTIONARY GANG

Copyright 1970 by Chester Anderson

not have fun, he has entertainment. And whoever told you, oh my brothers, that fun must be comfortable?]

[EDITOR'S NOTE: How 'bout them sisters too?]

In the course of evolution normal for explosion-type processes, everything about the game has changed except the goal. Maybe 500 years' worth of history has happened in the 56 years since the first Modern Revolution was won, and all the rules have changed & changed again. In fact, it isn't even the same game anymore.

One of the things we've learned from Haight/Ashbury, the East Village Community, the holy Diggers, the communication company, the dear old Underground Press Syndicate, ol' P&F, and now the besieged Black Panthers and the Chicago 8, is that old-fashioned political parties & similar meeting-prone entertainments not only no longer work but are a collective stone drag as well.

It would appear that in our new society, organization flourishes at the expense of effectiveness, and that organization *per se* tends always to perpetuate itself & increase in size & scope like a galloping cancer until the original purpose of any organization withers like the State away to a scrap of sentiment & a rag of tradition wholly without meaning or importance — stealing the other school's mascot (a stuffed & mounted long-haired goat) and dying it green.

The CP/USA & other such liberal organizations are conspicuous examples of this. All organizations share this tendency toward atrophy.

And those organizations that manage for a while to avoid that trap are prone to an even worse ailment: infiltration. Any group so large that each member doesn't know every other member, any group large enough that members can be strangers to each other, is as subject to infiltration as spoiled beef is to flies. Any group that large is already infiltrated!

The nastiest testimony against the Chicago 8 came from a professional police spy who'd been Jerry Rubin's bodyguard. Most of the recent anti-Panther action has been 'justified' by undercover reports. Likewise, most dealers get busted for selling dope to The Man.

Remember the old joke about the Communist Party's being supported by dues-paying FBI agents? It's only funny because it's true.

Especially from our point of view, all orthodox modes of organization have been invalidated by America's conspiracy laws.

social animals can — not especially close — and had more fun than we knew what to do about.

We weren't even organized enough to feed ourselves. Partially because bookkeeping's such a hemorrhoidal bore, partially for experimental/ideological reasons, and a lot because prime Diggers B & G were monsters of hard-rapping charisma, we mostly worked for nothing, printing anything for anyone on the first free press to function in the country in this century. Naturally, then, the community supported us after its odd fashion, bringing us groceries & stolen paper, paying our rent & some of our bills, keeping us extravagantly high, and letting us in on everything that happened in that busy time & place. This is the tao of community, the good part of our prehuman socialization. We apes got to stick together, you know.

In contrast, all the out-of-town com/cos in our image that I visited were far better organized than we, far more efficient, infinitely more professional, and all protracted failures. They contracted serious cases of Leadership or developed crippling profit motives & went down. Purity of heart seems to spring from simplicity of motive: do it for anything but fun & it won't happen. This is good to know.

Both com/co & the Diggers were examples of what Marvin Garson of the lovely S.F. *Express* (now *Good Times*) called 'the revolutionary gang' — in the prevailing masscult climate, any bunch of people who are together because they like each other, doing in concert just about anything they please.

As a functioning social unit, the revolutionary gang has much to recommend it. It's a good machine to live in. Structurally, it's built more like an electronic device than anything else, connections being more important than sequences, pretty much along the lines of any working kidgang; which makes it more pertinent to here & now, and more likely to flourish unmolested by the Heat, than any group more formally structured could ever be. It's the loosest form of tribal organization known, the highest evolution so far of the revolutionary cell, the most relaxed form of commune imaginable, and exactly what, it seems, the time demands & Marshall McLuhan & the Hopi predict, wherein almost every social & emotional hangup raised by the clever 20th century is either resolved or neutralized. And it *does* things!

Political organizations as a class, on the other hand, no longer do much worth the doing. Even with the

same lines in and you've got you a darkened city & a freaked Establishment.)

We can't begin to match the Establishment's present firepower & other resources. They've got a monopoly on the technology of violence, and they invented the organization game & wrote all the rules. We can't beat them at their own things.

But there's been no Mace deployed yet to the future, and the kids give us unrestricted access to the middle of next week, and we have a monopoly on fun. The future is ours right now to make of what we will, and to turn on, ball or otherwise recruit & indoctrinate any kid at all, or to play almost any kind of outrageous joke on the dinosaurs around us, is, still, an act more politically significant even than Oswald's one-shot statement. And more fun, too...

Point is, we can't conduct the present, any part of it, with the techniques of the 19th century. The past belongs to The Man. The Industrial Revolution is over, and we lost.

The *I Ching* says, "Revolution means removal of that which is antiquated." Sweeping up after the dinosaurs. We know it won't remove itself, we're learning that we can't use its own methods against it. The antiquated plays its own games better than we can, it holds all the cards: it would further us to develop some new games. Make it all new!

The revolutionary gang is one such new thing. If we really need the advantages of organization — and I suppose we do — we have to find new ways to get them, develop new forms & concepts of organization, avoid all old & established patterns like the Heat. The Establishment's ways are all Establishment traps & awkward to get out of. Look at any rich liberal. We're inventing, willy-nilly, our own future; why not invent our Revolution?

Instead of any sort of revolutionary Party/target, or any armed band of ethnic Maoist guerrillas, or any other such mass produced stereotype, something altogether different is necessary — anything altogether different — and if the opposition fails at first to recognize the revolutionary nature of our new toys, that's the opposition's problem.

Innovate now!
(Next issue: how to form your own revolutionary gang at home in your spare time without getting busted. Stay tuned.)

the ultimate trip

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY

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PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY STANLEY KUBRICK · SUPER PANAVISION® AND METROCOLOR MGM

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The Rod Stewart Album



SR 61237

Rolling Stone:

February 7, 1970

"Many LPs are a lot flashier than this one, but damn few are any better." Greil Marcus

February 21, 1970

"...The Rod Stewart Album is a magnificent achievement."

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February 6, 1970

"...The Rod Stewart Album is absolutely superb. Goddamn, it's fine. The man's voice is still harsh, but now he's soulful and convincing..." Ed Leimbacher

A Product of Mercury Record Productions, Inc. A North American Philips Company

NORMAN MAILER, in *Armies of the Night*, calls Jerry Rubin "the most militant, unpredictable, creative — therefore dangerous — hippie-oriented leader available on the New Left."

DO IT! Jerry Rubin Introduction by ELDRIDGE CLEAVER

In **DO IT!**, Jerry Rubin has written the most important political statement made by a white revolutionary in America today. It is *The Communist Manifesto* of our era and as a handbook for American revolutionaries must be compared to Che Guevara's *Guerrilla Warfare*.

DO IT! is a Declaration of War between the generations — calling on kids to raise a new society upon the ashes of the old.

DO IT! is a prose poem singing the inside saga of the movement; it is a frenzied emotional symphony for a new social disorder; a comic book for seven-year-olds; a tribute to insanity.

Eldridge Cleaver has written an introduction to it and Quentin Fiore has designed the book with more than 100 pictures, cartoons and mind-zaps.

Cloth: \$5.95, Paper: \$2.45
Simon and Schuster

Photograph/Rowland Scherman

Calendar

THEATER

Slawomir Mrozek's play **POLICE** will be performed at the Play House, 315 North Ave. Fri. & Sat. at 8:30 & Sun. at 7:30 thru Sun., April 19. Tickets are \$3 or \$2 for students with i.d. Call 751-9643 or 778-4240 for reservations.

The Fourth Force will present evenings of improvisational movement & scenes every Mon. at 8:30 & evenings of works-in-progress every Sat. at 8:30. 4715 N. Broadway, admission \$1.50, call 782-9319 for reservations & info.

Roosevelt University will present 'Third Planet from the Sun' at the Auditorium Theatre on Sun April 19 at 3:30 pm. Tickets are \$3.00.

Jane Adams Center of the Hull House, 3212 N Broadway, presents 3 one-act plays each Fri&Sat night in April at 8:30 \$1.50 donation, \$.75 for students.

The Goodman Theater Co presents Harold Pinters 'Tea Party' and 'The Basement' in its final performance on April 5 at 7:30pm

As of April 5 the Free Theater presents a new work 'Joan of Arc' at the Lincoln Park Presbyterian Church, 600 W Fullerton. Show times are Sun 7&9, Mon 8&9.

Three one-act plays by Bill Lederer open April 3 at the Hull House Playwrights center for a five week-end run, Fri & Sat evenings at 8:30. For reservations call 944-9679 (evenings only) or 255-7105. \$2 admission; \$1.50 for students.

The Cafe Topa Coffeehouse, 904 W Belmont, will open a new fare of one-act plays running thru May 3. 'The Lady of Larkspur Lotion' and 'The Happy Journey from Trenton to Camden' will be presented on Fri&Sat at 8:30, Sun at 7:30. For more info call 549-8618.

Orgy of the Arts at North Western Univ presents 'Mountain' Fri April 10 at 8pm at McGaw Hall in Evanston. Admission is \$3.00.

Kingston Mines Theatre Co, 2356 N Lincoln, will present 'The People VS Ranchman' by Megan Terry for a minimum ten week run beginning April 3, Fri Sat & Sun at 9:00, tickets \$2. For reservations call 525-9893.

Second City 1616 N Wells presents 'Chicago where Justice is Done or Oh! Cal Coolidge!' Tues thru Thurs 9pm, Fri&Sat 8:30 & 11, Sun 9. \$2.95-\$3.95. Improvisations are free & follow the evening's performances every day but Fri.

The Organic Theater presents 'Animal Farm' in the Holy Covenant Methodist Church, 925 W Diversey. Fri&Sat & 2.50, Thurs students \$1.00.

The Old Town Players Theater-Workshop presents 'The Cavern' Fri&Sat 8:30, Sun 7:30 at 1718 N North Park. Tickets \$2, students \$1.50.

MUSIC

West Side Soul
Chantay 4654 W Madison
Eddie Shaw's Lounge 4423 W Madison
L & A 1422 S Pulaski
Walton's Corner S Roosevelt & Washtenaw
1815 Club Annex 1815 W Roosevelt
Licking Stick 1700 W Roosevelt
Sportsman's Roosevelt & Kedzie
Key Largo-Roosevelt & Damen
Flamingo 2500 W Roosevelt

***** For the latest blues happenings drop by the Jazz Record Mart, 7 W Grand and they can tell you where it's at...

Super Jam Sessions every Weds nite at 8:30. All musicians welcome, bring your own equipment. Set groups Fri&Sat, 50 cents cost to \$1 at The House of Omar 43 E Dorrer on the boardwalk in Aurora Call 895-8796 for more info.

At El Panama, 74th & Stoney Island, every Thurs. from 9 to 2am the Chairmen of Soul present a psychedelic strut.

Chicago Blues Scene
South Side bars (you must be 21)

Burning Spear 55th & State
Turners 39th & Indiana
Peppers 43rd & Vincennes
Theresa's 48th & Indiana
I Spy 500 W 63rd
Club DeLisa 56th & State
Blue Flame Oakwood & Cottage Grove

The New Quiet Knight i sat 953 W Belmont featuring the finest music, drinks, food, soft drinks, coffee...ample parking nearby. Tues nite is blues nite with Siegal/Schwall Call 348-9509 for more info.

AACM Concerts of the month Sat 1&3pm at 3124 N Broadway. Donation is \$2

The 5th Peg at 858 W Armitage presents Dee Dee Wright and Brian Gieler. Fri&Sat nights, April 3,4,10&11.

Heads Up, 386 Hainsville Rd in Roundlake Pk, Ill features a series of music happenings:
April 3- Ill Speed Press and St John
April 4- Fuse and Hot Set Up
April 10- Frog and Fluid
April 11- Joe Kelly and Sam Lay Blues Band

April 17- Mason Profit and Cross
April 18- Corky Siegal and Sweet Albert
Heads Up also features the Gary Gand Incredible Light Show, a head shop, Ice Cream Parlour, leather shop, record shop cake bar, & good vibes. Open at 8pm admission is \$3 phone 546-8005 for info or directions.

Five Stages at 2451 N Kedzie presents
April 3 Mother Earth & Hot Set Up
April 4 Ill Speed Press, Litter, Wilderness Rd
April 10 Pink Floyd & Bangor Flying Circus
April 11 Bangor Flying Circus & Cross
April 17 Cat Fish
April 18 Amboy Dukes
Five Stages also features the Blink Family Lite Show, a fireplace room, variety room, underground shops & Mike's Magic Theatre with cartoons & movies. Open at 7:30, Admission \$4.50.

Folk singer Bob Gand will give a concert program on Sun April 12 at 4&7:30 pm at the Village School of Folk Music, 631 Deerfield Rd, Deerfield. Admission \$1.75

On Fri April 10 at the Aragon Ballroom, 1106 W Lawrence, will be Pink Floyd, Litter, Mason Profit, & the Rotary Connection. Doors open at 7pm, tickets are \$5.00.

ART

Drawings and paintings by artist-reporter Franklin McMahon are now being shown at the Chicago Historical Society, North Ave. & Clark, 9:30 to 4:30 daily; 12:30 to 5:30 Sundays thru October.

The humanities division of the DePaul College of DePaul Univ will present a five-day festival of contemporary arts April 6 thru April 10 at DePaul's Schmitt Academic Center, 2323 N Seminary. Admission is free & open to the public.

Three Chicago artists, Lillian Florsheim, Richard Koppe & Kazys Varnelis, will have joint one-man exhibitions at the Museum of Contemporary Art thru May 10. Museum hours are Tues thru Sat 10-5, Thurs 10-8, & Sun noon-5.

Contemporary Concerts presents Die Reich: Performances of Contemporary & Avant-Garde music on Mon April 13 at 8:15pm in the Francis Parker School Auditorium, 330 Webster. Admission \$3, students with i.d. \$2.

COMMUNITY

An Anti-War Rally is scheduled for April 15 at the Civic Center, 12 noon, sponsored by the Peace Council. A strike has also been called by the High School Students Rights Coalition, & striking students will march past the Board of Ed at 1:30. Both groups will assemble at the Civic Center at 3:00 for a mass march to the Federal Building.

NEED HELP? Free medical & legal help, food, housing and warmth. It's a solid thing. Call the Looking Glass at 334-2601 or come to 1725 Wilson. Open 24 hours a day.

Student Mobilization, 9 S Clinton, holds open meetings each Sat at 1:00 in the Univ of Ill Union Bldg. On Mon April 13 at 1 pm at the Univ of Ill, James Lafferty, chairman of the Detroit Peace Council will speak. On April 14 a panel meets at the Univ to discuss oppressed peoples & the War.

Gay Liberation meets on the South Side Sun thru Thurs, call 955-7433; at North-Western Univ, Tues, 338-9241 & 252-0083; at Roosevelt Univ Weds, 525-5268, on the North Side Sat, 472-2967.

Gay Liberation April events:
Sat April 4-U of C sponsors a dance at Woodward Commons, 5825 S Woodlawn at 8:30 pm.
Wed April 15-Gay Lib contingent will march in the Peace March.
Thurs April 16-Gay Liberation day: Noon rally, place to be announced. Evening program to be announced.
Sat April 18-North Side sponsors a dance. Place & time to be announced.

FREE FEED at the Grace Lutheran Church 555 W Belden every Weds at 6pm

The Ranch Triangle is an organization fighting proposed plans for urban renewal in the Halsted/Armitage Community. The proposed plans DO NOT include plans for low & moderate rent housing. If you want to help call 248-3886.

If you want to do something about all that shit floating around in the air contact Citizens Revolt Against Pollution (CRAP) at new number 463-0308

SCLS(Operation Breadbasket) has a free breakfast program every morning Mon-Fri 7-10am at St Anna Church 55th & LaSalle Sts and also at Christ the King Lutheran Church 3700 Lake Park. If you want to help call Mrs Bell at 723-2226

ACLU needs office volunteers during the day. Call 236-5564 or stop in at 6 S Clark

STOP DEATH The Cryonics Society of Illinois (people against death) is trying to get it together Call Lucille at 468-0462 of John at 276-9166 for more info.

Evanston Free Univ is opening in Jan. they need people to teach. For catalogue or more info write or call Ron Freund 804 Washington St, Evanston, 328-8769 or Gigi at 869-9597

CONTINUING

RAHAB's coffee house, 1649 N Wells coffee, cider, chocolate, music, discussion, poetry. Only 50 cents

9th Way Coffee House 116 S Michigan Rm 1108, 8pm Fridays

The Community Arts Foundation invites Chicagoans to "come and play" theater games every Sunday at 3 PM. Admission is \$2. Call 525-1052 for info or reservations.

The Blue Gargoyle at 5655 S University holds Hoot & Rap sessions every Wed & Thurs nite. Call 955-5826 for more info.

Social Encounter: with sensory awareness & interpersonal relationship experiences every Weds 7:30-10pm at The Center, 140 N State St \$3.50 Call 641-5695

Stev&Nans coffee house 10708 W 71st St in LaGrange open every day from 9am featuring Nans famous spaghetti

Coffeehouse-crafts center at 1157 N La Salle Fridays & Saturdays 8pm to 12:30. Coffee, rap, popcorn. Do your thing. FREE

Anitigone Coffeehouse, 419 Lincolnway (basement of Teen Center, entrance in alley), LaPorte, Ind., Sat 8-12pm. Folk music, impromptu, and all around fun & food. Admission only 75¢

TUESDAYS discussions at The Door 3124 N Broadway. Also occasional poetry readings, chess, cards provided. Now open every night.

Cafe Pergolesi 3404 N Halsted, coffeehouse, bridge, chess, local artists gallery, baroque music. Nightly 6-12 Sat & Sun til 1am No cover No minimum

Earl of Old Town features live folk music nightly, 1615 N Wells, 9-4am

WEEKENDS Harper Theater Coffee House Revue of improvisation & satire by the New Old Fashioned Players every Fri & Sat nite 9-1am. Folk, bluegrass & balladeers are also featured.

IT'S HERE 6455 N Sheridan, coffeehouse featuring folk singers & satirists, Fri-Sun doors open at 7:30 shows at 8 & 10:30 \$2.50 per person 75 cents min. Call SH3-9781 for more info.

Saturday's Child Coffeehouse 212 Lincoln, Porter Ind (get off Ind. Toll Rd at Chesterton) Fri & Sat 8-12pm open stage Fridays continuous entertainment & food \$1.25

The Bad Sign at 1504 N Wells is open weekends at 7:30pm. \$2 admission, open to all ages

The College of Complexes presents guest speakers every Sat night at 9pm cost is only \$1 The College is located at 105 W Grand Ave. Call MO 4-4440 for more information

FRIDAYS Central YMCA holds social dances 9 to midnite at Farwell Hall 19 S La Salle Open to the public Cost is 75cents

April 12-Bobby Rush, Deputy Minister of Defense of the Black Panther Party, has two court appearances this day. The first is at 9:00 am at 26th & California, Branch 57, for "burnt seed," alleged marijuana; the second is at 11th & State on the 10th floor for possession of a pistol.

April 29-Cha Cha Jiminez, Chairman of the Young Lords Organization, goes on trial for aggravated assault. Contact the Lords at People's Church, 834 W Armitage, for time & place.

SPECIAL

The Dance Troupe & students of Columbia College will perform a new work by Murray Louis, Wed April 1 & 8 at 8 pm, 1725 N Wells. Admission free.

'Drugs & The Inner Search' & the approach to life of Avatar Meher Baba-a speech given by Bruce Hoffman at the Chicago Circle Campus Illinois Room in the Union, 750 S Halsted, Mon April 6 at 2 pm. Baba film to follow. Free.

INTERCOURSE

help!

HUNGER IS NOT GROOVY

Feed The Children Committee needs to get together with interested North Shore bodies to collect canned goods for ghetto food programs. Call Dick or Corlin after 7:00 p.m. at HI 6-6206.

6 mo. pregnant. I need maternity clothes (sz. 6 or 8) badly, but have **no money** to buy. Also needed are baby clothes & other articles. Please help. Call 643-2418, ask for Gloria.

A sister is in a wheelchair—needs a ground floor apartment. If you know of anything that might be available by May 1st, call Paul or Cindi, 337-3594. Have 6 room \$105 apartment to trade.

The Seed could use the following office supplies: Selectric 71 ribbons, black flair pens, 3x5 index cards, balls for an IBM composer (no questions asked), manilla envelopes (large), 3 pound coffee cans with the plastic lid. thank you.

Dylan Records Wanted: Want Troubled Troubador and GWW John Birch Society Blues. Will pay \$15 for Troubador, and \$10 for GWW JBS Blues. In all cases, write first. Mark, c/o Seed.

The metropolitan area urgently needs bicycle thru-ways for commuting and recreation. The Auto-Petroleum-Highway dictatorship has done enough damage to our land and health. You can help! 262-3664.

Wanted: An experienced witch to teach students of the occult, white magic preferable. Call 281-5824.

Wanted—Someone with a yard for my dog to run in while I work this summer—he's a Siberian Husky and will be terribly uncomfortable stuck in my Apt. all day. 281-1370.

A girl needs someone to talk to about things and people on phone. Just need someone to gab with. If I'm not home, DON'T leave a message as to who's calling, or I'll be dead. Karen, 246-4202.

Lost Dog. Black & brown German Shepherd in Old Town. Call George, 549-5804.

LADO needs tables, desks, chairs, file cabinets, for their office at 2353 W. North Ave. Some pigs burnt them out. 276-0909.

lit.

THE MOTHER EARTH NEWS tells you how: the new life style/homesteading/communes/free land/living without working/natural foods/free transportation/solar energy/wind engines/tipis/domes. 1 year \$6 2 years \$10 The Mother Earth News... It tells you how. Box 38C, Madison Ohio 44057

IT AIN'T ME BABE, a newspaper of women's liberation. Available from Women's Liberation Basement Press, P.O. Box 6323, Albany, Cal. 94706. Subs. \$1.80 for 6 mos., \$5.00 supporting sub., bulk orders 10 cents each for 10 or more.

for sale

Musical instruments for sale. Will accept best offer. Chuck LI1-1809. 4523 S. Halsted.

Folk Guitar for Sale. Year-old, dark wood six steel strings. Pick and music book included. Nancy, NE 1-8386, after 5 pm.

'65 Chevy convertible SS, full power, trade for truck, van, or cash. Call Link, 368-0140.

For Sale. Head shop on Clark & Lawrence (the Light). Head shit for sale, and bells. Joe, 588-9035, 11:00-6:30.

NOW AVAILABLE FROM THE WHITE PANTHER PARTY MINISTRY OF INFORMATION:

White Panther buttons-25 cents apiece, or 10 cents for 25 or more.

Posters-75 cents apiece

John Sinclair

Up

MC5

assorted Grande Ballroom posters

Sample copies of newspapers-25 cents apiece

Argus (Ann Arbor)

Fifth Estate (Detroit)

Rising Up Angry (Chicago)

White Panther flags-\$2.00

Payment can be made in stamps, money order, cash, checks, whatever-make them payable to the White Panther Party

1520 Hill Street

Ann Arbor, Michigan

48104

messages

People!

Many of you who have run classified ads and requested mail be sent to the Seed in your name have mail here. Come and pick it up. You should also check a couple weeks after the ad has appeared, as sometimes we get responses to ads that have appeared weeks previous.

From now on, the Seed will hold your mail for 6 weeks after it comes in. After that, it's gonna be trashed. People have taken the time out to answer your ads, and you don't bother to pick the mail up. That sucks! So come by and get it, okay, or notify us so we can get rid of it.

Ken Sharp. Call 391-8538, from 8:00-4:30. Carol from Iowa.

Carol Fuller or Beth Patterson. Call Tim at 847-7843, any night around 10. Your parents & pigs want to place charges against you—I'll help you find a place to crash.

GOD BLESS PORNY LA FUNGO.

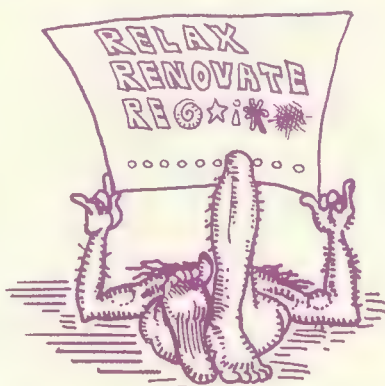
Chuck, 423-4574.

George & Marge —

Would dig to transfer the title to the bike. Leave message at 642-2523. Robert Maas

music

Lead Singer wanted for heavy blues acid rock band, male or female. Freaks preferred. Gary, 344-5013; Rich, 681-0115.



OKAY. THE SEED IS STARTING A NEW CLASSIFIED PAGE. ALL ADS WILL BE FREE, BUT ALL ADS MAY NOT BE RUN, DEPENDING ON SPACE AVAILABLE, DATE RECEIVED, TYPE OF AD. WE'VE TRIED TO ELIMINATE ANYTHING WE FEEL WILL OR HAS RESULTED IN A RIP-OFF: LEGAL TURN ONS, MODEL ADS, A DATING SERVICE TYPE THING, OR GENERALLY QUESTIONABLE STUFF WE STILL CANNOT VOUCH FOR THE SINCERITY OR LEGITIMACY, AND IF YOU STILL GET RIPPED OFF, LET US KNOW. ADS WILL BE ACCEPTED IN PERSON OR BY MAIL — NOT ON THE PHONE. IF YOU HAVE ANY QUESTIONS, PLEASE CALL SUE AT THE SEED. WHEN WRITING, INCLUDE ADDRESS AND PHONE NO. IT WILL BE WITHHELD IF YOU ASK.

Rock Band looking for cheap place to live and work. Anywhere on the North Side ok. Call Mike 935-9020 before 5 p.m.

Drummer, also plays fiddle, writes & sings is looking for band who digs country rock. Have own equipment and am serious about music. (freaks preferred) 964-2524 after six. Ask for Doug.

Female vocalist wants placement at piano bar. 873-2407.

Organist wanted for new rock group. Must be experienced and willing to devote full time to making it. Come weeknites to 2424 N Seminary, Ground Floor. We're always practicing.

Lead guitar player needed. R&B, and rock. Gil, AR 6-7064.

Drummer, 20, seeks work with other serious musicians. Call Jim 255-8951, eves. before 10:00 p.m.

Blues inclined organist looking for work. Gabriel Magno, 3274 W. Wrightwood Ave. Chicago. call 489-0947.

Reed man (tenor, soprano, bari, flute), needs gig. Studied at Berklee School of Music. Played with rock, R&B, soul, blues groups all over the country. Greg, 869-6748--Evanston.

I have strong lyrics: head, social protest type, but weak music. Need partner- call Gary CO-1-2286.

Wanted: Organist/Pianist. Must be serious & have own transportation. NW suburbs. Dave, 766-0919, or Jim, 766-6043.

Plum Wine- Music for the PEOPLE!! 313-867-5352. 502 Woodlawn, Detroit 48202.

jobs

Male 22 seeks training opportunity in photog., music, art, psychology, printing, or related while working for subsist. Some college. Bill, 474-2857.

I have professional quality art work (oil & water color paintings, prints, hooked pillows, clothes, etc.) of a school staff and students available to a responsible established shop, for resale. Write: J.Jacobson, Hammond Technical Vocational High School, 5727 Sohl Ave., Hammond, Indiana, 46320.

Work Wanted—Assorted young people need one-day gigs and permanent positions. If you need workers, call the Looking Glass job co-op, 334-2601, any time.

Progressive Michigan Ave. company needs part-time Girl Friday who is dependable, can type and has a good speaking voice. hours are 1-5 pm, Monday to Friday. 467-4088.

Need work? No promises, but occasionally we get one-day gigs for long-hairs and teen-agers. Some salary-type jobs, also. Call 334-2601, ask for Dave or Joe, or leave message.

HIYA KIDS, HIYA HIYA! xox



rides, places

Three chicks need ride to Canada festival. Want to leave end of June. Will share expenses. Call Sher, 973-5380.

Aware couple, both teachers (25, 22) wish to meet other couple near same age with steady income, regarding possibility of sharing house in Gary-Valpo area, 1970-1971 school year. Write P.O. Box 331, Hobart, Indiana 46342.

Need ride to Berkeley immediately. Will share costs. Contact Jim, c/o The Seed.

I need a ride to northern California some time in next month. Will help with expenses. Prefer a chick. Call Mark, OR 4-8328.

Ride wanted to San Francisco. Can share expenses. Cathy, 731-7115.

An art student will need place to stay in Sept., 1970. So will her dog. B. Browne 41-29 46th St. Long Island City, N.Y.

FREE KIM AGNEW!
misc.

Toy Collie for give away. Call 823-2235.

FANTASY COMPANY. Environmental theater presentations. Multi-media light & sound shows for all occasions. Write Fantasy Company, c/o Chicago Seed.

Will consider presenting any revolutionary work with my puppet company. No money available. Contact Ray Nelson at the Five Stages on Saturday nites.

Body Awareness. New classes starting. Classical Ballet Technique. 939-7873.

Feel like Alice in Wonderland by being in Chicago. Eager to meet other specimen in same predicament, and/or to make converts by fouling up and corrupting your brain. Re: Preparation of effective, adequate defense against final victory of US's creeping and leaping fascization.

Re: Preparation of the next evolutionary leap on our planet: theoretical models of new societies and ways of life, and their eventual implementation. Box OZ1, Seed.

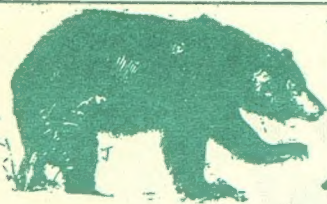
Surrealism—Regisieur, Director offers the opportunity to appear in Picasso's play. Eight week study, rehearsal puts you in these positive war protest performances. Bring burning desire to act, and contribution to boys killed in Vietnam—we'll do the rest. Call BI 8-4600, 5-7 pm. John Stephen Cox, 3855 N. Lincoln Ave.

YOU'RE HELPING TO PAY FOR THE WAR. DO YOU WANT TO KEEP ON DOING SO? Write for information: War Tax Resistance/Midwest 5615 S. Woodlawn Chicago 60637

Women's Lib members, SDS, Black Panthers, and other dissidents. Ballet will improve your karate. 939-7873.



Peter Solt 512170



FEEDBACK



Dear Seed:

To Joel who wrote "Shake That MoneyMaker, Whitey" in Vol. V No. 1 of your paper:

The benefit concert which you say was to gather funds to help Muddy Waters pay his hospital bills incurred from his October 27, 1969 car accident because "That's how much bread White Folks have laid on him for his music," was actually held to boost his low spirits as he felt very alone and unhappy when I spoke with him at that time. His best friend and road manager for many years was killed in that accident, two friends injured, another of his friends, Magic Sam died of a heart attack the day before the benefit and Muddy's career was at a halt for an indefinite period and he was hung up in a hospital not too far, but far enough from home that not too many of his friends could stop by to see him. As for the hospital bills, they were paid in full by Chess as soon as Muddy was released and came to \$6,600 since Muddy had not had his insurance policy from the company renewed.

You also say "Well, there's not too much you can do about the racist sharks who run the music machine (are the Chess brothers listening?), but those of us who listen to music can insist on hearing some of the genuine product." You missed the news that's been on the streets since last September about the Chess Vintage series, a projected 36 albums of unheard of, so far unreleased and re-issued tunes from deleted albums of blues artists known and unknown. Word was out long before the series that albums by popular bluesmen including tunes cut as early as 1945 or maybe earlier if we can find them, were on the way. So far there are eleven albums (roughly five or six every three or four months) by Little Walter, Sonny Boy Williamson, John Brim, Elmore James, Albert King, Otis Rush, Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf, Jimmy Rogers, Lowell Fulson, Buddy Guy, J. B. Lenoir and a composite album by John Shines, Robert Nighthawk, Big Boy Spires, Honey Boy Edwards, Floyd Jones and Claude Smith. There's also an album released by popular demand for the real thing called Pop Origins of some of the tunes the popular English groups do that were recorded years ago by bluesmen.

I could go on and tell you about Souled Out, too, which is a composite of old tunes from the early and middle fifties rock and roll period including tunes of groups such as the Radiants, Little Milton, Little Miss Cornshucks, The Knight Bros., Jack Ross, Tony Clarke, The Moonglows, Tommy Tucker, The Students, Bobby Moore and the Rhythm Aces, Jan Bradley, Ty-Hunter, The Vontastics and Mitty Collier.

Also our artists all get royalties on their regular albums, Vintage albums and whenever someone uses their tunes. Do you think the Stones could do Mona without giving the writer of the tune anything?

Karen Nomura
Chess Records

Dear Seed:

This is a copy of a letter I wrote to my parents yesterday. I thought that you might be interested in reading it, or printing it, or throwing it away or something.

Dear Mom and Dad —

I wish that I could make you understand the way I feel about this revolution thing. To be able to see all the wrongs of our political and social orders and not even try to do something to correct them is even more lame than not being able to see them at all. The true patriotic American spirit is one of constant revolution and active concern with and participation in our world's affairs. But it has been nearly two hundred years since this country has seen that spirit in any mass amount, and the people now charge even the mildest form of dissent with everything ranging from "morally disgraceful" to "politically subversive." But all these flag-wavers—the ones with the love it or leave it attitude—are the same people that will someday ring out a cry of alarm when the storm-troopers march through their neighborhoods. And the same people that now charge us with subversion will then charge us with cowardice for not stopping the onslaught of fascism in time. And that is exactly where we're lead-

Another point I'd like to give mention to is draft resistance. All the John Birchers and the other fanatics scream "cowardice" at those who would rather leave the country or go to jail than be inducted into the armed forces and prostitute their political, moral and/or religious convictions. But these are actually the true men of our time. Those who will not prostitute themselves to something in which they cannot believe are not to be scorned, but rather should be lavished with praise, admiration, and respect.

The war in Vietnam is nothing other than another capitalist business venture. I know. Believe me, I know. I am in the army and I have been in Vietnam. And for those two reasons I can never fully respect myself for the rest of my life. I have been to Vietnam, and I do not scorn those who refuse to go. Rather, they have my utmost respect. I hold in the deepest contempt the values of those who scorn these men. We are the aggressors in an illegal war; and yet, these people would rather see the American youth getting killed for nothing, rather than suffer even the remotest possibility that they might have to stand on the shores of this land and fight actual aggression themselves. No, it is not the draft resisters and the deserters who are the cowards; it is those other people.

If our country ever faced a valid threat of becoming a police state, I can guarantee that those dissidents would fight to the death. I know they would do it, because I know they would be alarmed and concerned. This assumption is based on the alarm and concern being shown about our present conditions.

Finance. Why should John Paul Getty have billions of dollars, while at the same time there are millions of men, women and children eating from garbage cans in order to live until tomorrow? Why is it that 1% of our country's population controls 90% of its financial resources? Why is it that, ever since I can remember, the US armed forces have been in a hostile conflict in Kenya, or Thailand, or Cuba, or the Dominican Republic, or somewhere on this planet; why are we always the aggressors? Why is it that prices are constantly increasing while wages remain relatively the same? Why? Capitalism. Industry. Greed Freaks. Pigs!

I cannot sit passively back and watch these conditions get progressively worse. I am willing to sacrifice my happiness because I do not take my own existence seriously. I must act to make this a good life for future generations to enjoy their birthrights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Revolution is not a political right. It is a moral obligation.

I am a revolutionary.

I am still glad that I am your son. I hope that you agree with me; but I especially hope that you understand and believe in me. In 120 days I will be out of the army and into the revolt. All Power to the People!

"Money and the world, time and power belong to the small people and the shallow people. To the rest, to the real men, belongs nothing. Nothing but death."

—Hermann Hesse

Love,
John

Ft. Hood, Texas

Dear Seed:

In answer to a letter from Mrs. T. McWilliams in your last issue cancelling my papers—forget it. Please finish out my subscription. Thank you.

Rich McWilliams

Dear Seed,

The Army is a gushing olive-drab river of scum and pollution. It sweeps one away from the shores of freedom, happiness, beauty and love. Years later you're deposited on the shore, a hollow nothing.

Do a favor to a lot of good people who are now in the army — tell all concerned to stay the fuck out, cause once you're in it's all over.

Can we receive Seed "legally" here in Nam? Would appreciate some news "un-censored type."

Name Withheld
Vietnam

The Seed is "legally" sent free to any Vietnam serviceman or woman who requests a subscription. We can only hope that it's received.

"STICKS AND STONES is at its best during the ritual re-enactments of sex but the drama is nevertheless there. STICKS AND STONES is committed to sentiment in a way that heterosexual pornography almost never is."— N.Y. Times

STICKS AND STONES "An inside look at a facet of homosexual society heretofore unseen at length on the commercial screen."—Variety



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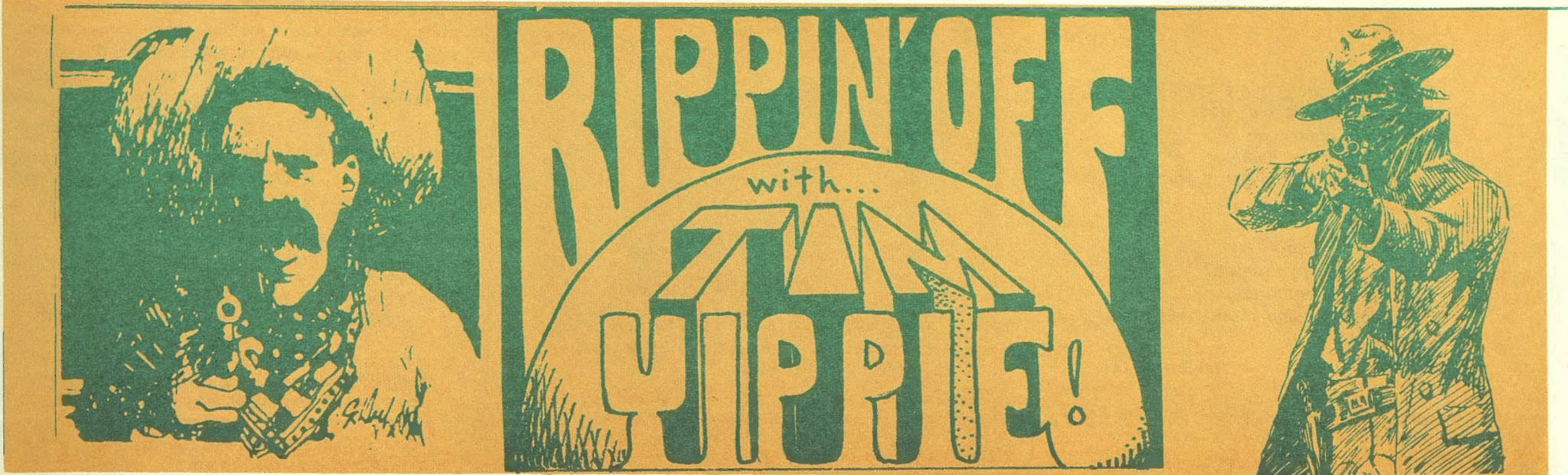
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To start, there are free samples of cheese, meat, and free coffee everyday at the Stop and Shop food store on Washington between Dearborn and State streets. At the Treasure Island grocery store located on Broadway two blocks north of Belmont they offer free coffee everyday for the people. Once in a while they have free cookies also. Bakeries usually have a dish of free shit on their counters.

The city is offering free medical aid (in a sense). If you fall into the Chicago river you will receive free of charge a typhoid and typhus shot. In city hall every day you can stop in and get a free chest X-ray. If you're a coin freak you can stop into any coin shop and purchase a Columbian ten-centavo piece for less than a dime. It works in quite a few vending machines and in all phones. If you normally pass by a machine that will change your quarter into two dimes and one nickel, you can easily get a few dollars change in about two days by stuffing a wad of paper up the slot which spits out the change. Anyone who has any "Dick Gregory for President" dollar bills lying around can throw them into a dollar-changing machine and receive a handful of pure United States of Amerika silver.

Any women who are interested in free self defense lessons and just a dab of Karate can register by calling Faye or Flora at 262-3063; Classes will be forming around the first week or so of April. Yippie! agents have discovered that many a person is ripping-off Woolworths and Kroch's & Brentanos during busy hours.

If you ride the West Side el a lot you know that there are stations where you have to pay on the train and stations where you pay before you go a truckin' through the turnstyle. It is very easy to ride for free. Merely board at a station where you have to pay on the train. Tell the changethief that you don't have any money. He will throw you off at the next station. Having made sure that the next station has a paying turn-style, you then wait and board the next train free of charge. If you are ever downtown and feel a sudden urge to go to the North, South or West side; you can zip up the stairs that say "Do Not Enter," at Wells and Monroe. You can catch the first train coming, which will either be a Ravenswood or Loop shuttle train. You can take the Loop shuttle train to the other side of the Loop where you can board a Dan-Ryan or Ravenswood train. If you need a transfer, walk on down to the turnstyle and report that you have lost your transfer. He will sell you one for a nickel. (A mere pittance)

Pan-handling can be a gas if you can think up some new ways of doin' it. Such as doing a sommersault in front of someone and asking him if he has any excess capital. If you ever ask anyone for some spare change and they tell you that all they have is their bus-fare, tell them you'll take it. Once in a while, they'll give it to you. Start to put on a show. Give the people a speech stating your beliefs on dope, rock and roll and fuckin' in the streets. Ask for a spare cigarette. If they don't have one, ask them for money to buy a pack or carton of them.

If you ever need a place to crash try the Salvation Army. They'll give you a place to crash and a home-cooked meal. The new First National Bank has a free tour every day, on the hour; starting at ten. You can also receive a free tour of Po-lice headquarters. Go to the information booth and ask Officer Friendly when the tour will start. He just might tell you.

There are many a trip toys you can have for nothing downtown. Stand on the cor-

ner of State & Randolph and dig the neon signs. Dig the traffic pigs with their day-glo orange gloves. Eat at the Forum restaurant, located on Madison between Clark and Dearborn. The reason is that every inch of the wall is covered with mirrors and there are many a winding staircase. Go to the Bank of Amerika building at One East Wacker and dig the ceiling of the elevator (or check the layout). Walk around in the underground tunnel which runs under the Civic Center, Brunswick building, and City Hall. Go to the fourth floor of the 343 South Dearborn building; the Amerikan Legion office is located there and the hall is lined with flags. Pay a visit to the First National Bank and take the escalator to the twenty-sixth floor. Truck on over to Wabash and Adams and dig the pits of doom. Say hi! to everybody that is over at Peerless Park, located on Wabash near Jackson. Take a look-see at the Civil War Museum located on the second floor of the downtown library. Proceeding north, don't forget to stop at the John Hancock building. Try doing forty jumping-jacks, on the elevator while riding to the top of the building. For the next freak-out you can stop at Thomas Industries' Lighting, which is at Wells and Chicago Ave. The whole showroom is filled with thousands of lights. Stop off at Lincoln Park Zoo and run around on the sand hills for a day or two. If you're into reading while you're tripping try reading "popular Slang Phrases of the Late Fifties." It includes de-dop, da-doo-dop, de-dum-dum, da-bum-bum, and your old favorites such as nifty, spiffy, keen and many others. You can obtain this book, free of charge, by sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Tim Yippie! at the Seed. If you're into a total freak-out, whizz down to the Museum of Science and Industry where you can see free of charge an Army training film entitled "Your Tax Dollars at Work"; if quiet and happy things are what you want, walk around downtown and watch little kids.

Complain! Over & over again! You get free shit by complaining to companies about their products, you get free money by complaining to vending machine companies (put 50¢ in for a pack of cigarettes, didn't get bread or cigs, etc.) Phone companies send money back, too! They never investigate - how can they?

Everything is free. The park is free. Dogs are free. Cats are totally free. Any Yippie! is free on the last two days of May between six and eight p.m. Drop-outs are free. Flunk-outs are totally free. Sid Lens is free. Dial-a-Beating is still free at PO 5-1313. YIP I is free. YIP II is free. The Peace and Love faction of YIP is free. The Apathetic Dope Freaks faction is totally free. Energy is getting very low. We've begun to come to the end of free things and rip-offs in Chicago. Your help is greatly needed. If you can think of anything free, going at a half-way decent price, or how to rip-off something, feel free to send it in to Tim Yippie! of the Apathetic Dope Freaks Faction, or Sue of YIP I; in care of the Seed. It's time to sign-off now, kiddies. I should be back soon. If not, I'll see you at the "feelies."

GOD BLESS FORD!
Tim Yippie!
Minister of
high rip-offs
and sometimes
low rip-offs.

Switchboard

For the last two issues, we've been getting the word out about starting an information and service center in Chicago. We've asked readers to let us know about food, shelter, places to go, jobs, dope, etc., but the response hasn't exactly overwhelmed us.

The people who have responded, however, are now in the process of pulling the idea together into reality, and we are busy compiling information on a variety of topics at the same time as we look for permanent quarters and permanent staff. As always, we need YOUR help to do it.

Within a month or two, we hope to be able to provide information and referrals on:

- Legal Aid
- Shelter (both crashpads and apartments)
- Food (free, cheap or cooperatively)
- Clothing
- Entertainment

- Women's needs (crisis center, birth control counseling)
- Medical and Mental Health services
- Help with drug problems
- Job placement/referral service
- Message service and mail service for transients
- Rides and Riders
- Veterinary Services
- General community information

We need people to help us gather information and man the phones, set up benefits and generally work for a solid community project. We also need desks, money, at least one filing cabinet, all sorts of office supplies, and any sort of information that might be useful to someone who calls us in sudden need. If you can offer ANY of the above, call the Seed at 929-0133, Rita at 528-4239, or Holly at 664-2352.

MAKING IT

MAKING IT! IS A REGULAR FEATURE OF THE SEED. BE ADVISED THAT THE CURRENT AUTHORITIES CLAIM THAT MUCH OF WHAT APPEARS IS ILLEGAL. WORDS LIKE "CAN" AND "SHOULD" CAN AND SHOULD BE TAKEN IN THIS CONTEXT. ANYONE WITH MORE INFORMATION CAN/SHOULD CONTACT SUE AT 929-0133. ESPECIALLY SOUGHT ARE ARTICLES ON ONE-WATT RADIO, MOBILE PIRATE TRANSMITTERS, POLICE BAND RADIO, COMMUNE LIFE, THE OPERATION OF COMMON THINGS IN UNIQUE WAYS, THE CARE AND FEEDING OF THE MIMEO MACHINE, FOOD CO-OPS, ORGANIZING GOING ON IN PLACES LIKE LARGE CORPORATIONS, ETC., ETC.

13 March 1970

*Dreamed the thong of my sandal broke.
Nothing to hold it to my foot.
How shall I walk?*

Barefoot?

*The sharp stones, the dirt. I would
hobble.*

And—

Where was I going?

*Where was I going I can't
go to now, unless hurting?*

*Where am I standing, if I'm
to stand still now?*

—“The Broken Sandal”
by Denise Levertov

(*Relearning the Alphabet*, New Directions, 1970)

SCHIZOPHRENIA. MANIC-DEPRESSION. LSD. Five thousand miles in six days. And back home again.

(Red Wing, Minnesota . . . watching eye-lid movies, great mandalas of energy, gyroscopic forces shooting arrows at the wind . . . Red Wing, Minnesota, a few miles from Dylan's Hibings . . . fat-faced rednecked gas station attendant sticks his puffy jowls into the truck . . . here, a few miles from Red Wing Boys' Prison that Dylan wrote about, this hateful jailer enters the protective shield of the fast-flying truck . . . breaking up the mandalas, turning all arrows back to the center — my center. Retreat! Retreat! To the back of the bus! Cover head with blanket, eat a carrot (it's so *Loud!*), hide out like the rabbit in a furry crevice. Invisible again!)

Traveled 2500 miles “to the mouth of a graveyard.” The hope was to sit in quiet house on quiet pacific island. Raced 26 hours across the great Canadian plains, through the mountains (The Mountains! Hours of cement-tunnel snowsheds, quietly creeping, humm of tire, feeling a brother before mixed and molded the earth's cement to protect me from disaster). Eighteen of the 26 hours tripping. A trip within a trip. (And learning later, It is a trip within a trip . . . to reconcile the person with the society . . . to learn to Endure).

The Quiet House: Two girls, three children, one dog, one cat. Joined by us — two women, three men and two dogs from a trans-Canadian truck. A house impoverished in mind and body. Occasionally running water. Children eating bread. The girls holding each other. Wine-drinking and pot-smoking. No lights. Earning twenty dollars a week picking up the oysters from the beach and boiling them. The Chicago women restless, what to “do”, running to town. Impossible.

After three days, three long days, I pack a small army bag with two t-shirts, two shorts, two pairs of sox, a shirt and a notebook. Take the ten-cent flatbed ferry from Denman Island to Vancouver Island. And begin to walk. And walk . . . and walk. Watch the seagulls hover over the conveyorbelt filled with boiled oysters as they're transported from the shucking house to the waiting truck. Feel a kerouacian spirit. Walking along the side of the road. A—lone. Denman Island across the inlet, mountains to the right. Must be near noon, short shadow cast by this strange bearded figure wearing a city coat and an army rucksack. *Breathe! You almost forgot to breathe! You are walking on a road alongside the sea and you are not Breathing!* . . . The salt sticks to the nostril walls . . . no balls of soot in *These* nostrils! Little balls-a-salt . . .

What if it rains? Or gets dark? Or a giant mad dog runs out from behind the tree??! — End of hobo-life. Short but sweet. Thirty year old sheltered bones frightened. Two, three hour spurt of aimless courage. Gone. A gentle lady gives me a ride to the ferry at Nainaimo. Board 700-passenger “Queen of Tsawwassen” ferry to Vancouver city on the mainland. Two hours, two dollars.

(Still a rucksack traveler. See myself strolling and bussing . . . Vancouver, Spokane, San Francisco, LA, Mexico . . . Japan . . .)

Board a bus on the ferry. To downtown Vancouver. Ride through mountains, bridge over the bay, ocean air; strange accents — “Look *ooot* there . . . how *about* that . . . I didn't notice that a *tall*!”

Welllllllllll . . . so this is Vancouver! Whatta lovely Pacific Coach Line Bus Terminal! And people waiting for busses, and a newspaper rack and souvenirs and clocks and . . . telephones! Telephones! Haven't used a Telephone in Dayyys! And, by god, there's an underground paper in Vancouver! Think I'll give em a ring . . . this editor of bigcity chicago underground paper, just let em know I'm in town . . .

[Who ya think yer kiddin, shmuck? What's all this shuckin&jivin free-spirit



Two Entries IN AN Under-water Journal

by Marshall Rosenthal

roadrunnin bullshit yer tryin ta feed me? Yer back in the city, yer callin the paper ta get yer ego stroked again, yer lonesome and scared. Don't shit me!!

(Having this conversation over and over . . . “identity crisis” . . . last night's dream, Doctor: Watching a softball game in the park. Surrounded by Alabama rednecks. One puts a fat fist in my face and scowls, “Yer one a them Hippies, aintcha?!” “Oh no, not me . . . I'm an ACCOUNTANT!” “Well, yer a Jew . . .”)

Moments later I'm in the office of The Georgia Straight, in the skidrow section of town . . . talking about the Conspiracy trial and the War and . . . Shit! I'm back at the Seed! Japan, indeed! They're lining up tv interviews and radio shows for me to do, eating in restaurants and riding in cabs . . . Asshole! You make me sick! This fake modesty and hypocritical air!

(A quiet vegetarian restaurant in Vancouver. Gently eating with Ken, ex-haightashbury Canadian hippie who says “we're all doing something other than what our minds tell us we should be doing . . . but we have to keep Doing . . .” I look up at a small piece of paper tacked on the wall as the tea makes its peaceful way through my body—

“The sun and
moon
are not mirrored
in cloudy
waters.”

Yes! Watch the Handwriting on the Wall! Indeed! Prick the Bloated Balloons of the Mind! Calm. A rich cream of leek soup, a bowl of soybeans, mushrooms and sweet potatoes; a glass of apple cider and a cup of tea, and . . . a cab to the airport and five hours later in Chicago, the Citiest of Cities.

[Aboard the Super DC-8 to Chicago, I make an entry in notebook —

. . . i come to bittersweet conclusion that chicago is my home, my place to struggle. that i am 30yrs old and still restlessly questing. that i am cut off by disposition, humor, & bent of mind & will from many others. this rosenthal, a quiet passive being, gently nibbling vegetables&grains, frightened by violence of sound and sight and touch; sometimes irascible, argumentative, zealous, righteous, and thoughtless; ego-maniacal and selfish; attempting to right environmental & hereditary disposition through kindness; full of contradictions and frustrations . . . will carry on, amidst sorrow which, prayerfully, will lead to joy; thru contemplation which, hopefully, will lead to understanding; thru loneliness which, yearningly, will lead to ability to share self with one other . . . two others . . . all others . . .

“That is, if the weather be good.”]

And once more . . . the Excitement . . . the Exhaltation of the Moment . . . I put on the earphones while flying thousands of feet above the Cascade Mountains, and Miriam Makeba sings “Any day now, any day now, I shall be released.”

(“ . . . a guy up on Disturbed [killed] himself. Old Rawler. Cut both nuts off and bled to death . . . “What makes people so impatient is what I can't figure; all the guy had to do was wait.”)

—Chief Broom, One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest

II

15 March 1970

Sitting on a hardback chair. No cigarette to smoke. Music seeping through heater vent. “My Wild Irish Rose,” sung by Morton Downey. Four-forty-seven a.m. Over an hour to sunrise.

Paisley creeping across metal wardrobe closet. Munching on a celery stalk. Tearing the stripes off my shirt. Will sew them on the shag rug. Need a cigarette.

Attended a Revival Meeting this evening. Preacher spoke of “earthy music.” Said— “Beware of earthy music.” Very sincere fellow.

A boy of eight or nine sat in a wheelchair, two rows from the stage. At the height of the preacher's frenzied sermon the boy stood and shouted. No one seemed to have heard him. He walked to the back of the tent. His wheelchair slowly rolled after him. The congregation sang “Just A Closer Walk With Thee.”

Left the Revival and ordered an ice cream soda at the drugstore counter. The sodajerk was an old lady with orange-red hair and a large hump where her left shoulder blade should have been.

She asked, “Don't you think it's too late to be eating an ice cream soda?”

I asked, “How tall did you used to be?”

We became fast friends, and I waited for her to get off work.

In the driver's seat of her car, she next to me, I leaned forward into the steering wheel in order to avoid the large dent in the back of the seat where her hump would have been. We sat in the car awhile, discussed wages of service employees in industrial neighborhoods. She realized that waitresses were underpaid, yet, she explained, “One should not expect monetary gain for feeding the hard working people.”

Hardly could I argue with her altruism. Able to control myself no longer, I buried my lips in her hair.

She sighed, and whispered, “Par derriere?”

“No, no,” said I.

“Pas dedan,” she queried?

“Yes, yes,” I gushed!

A furious athletic flash (her agility beguiled me!), our lovelust spent, I drove the Volkswagen to her riverside cabin, tenderly kissed her goodnight, and boarded the last ferry home.

* * *

A celery stalk is not a good cigarette-substitute. Should boil water for coffee. No—best to have coffee at J&K Grill so I can buy cigarettes and have a smoke with the coffee. Sun's up. Almost time for first Mass. Must hurry . . .